



<36606154980018

<36606154980018

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

Po. angl. 208.-2

TALES
OF
WONDER;
WRITTEN AND COLLECTED

BY
M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE
SPECTRE, LOVE OF GAIN, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

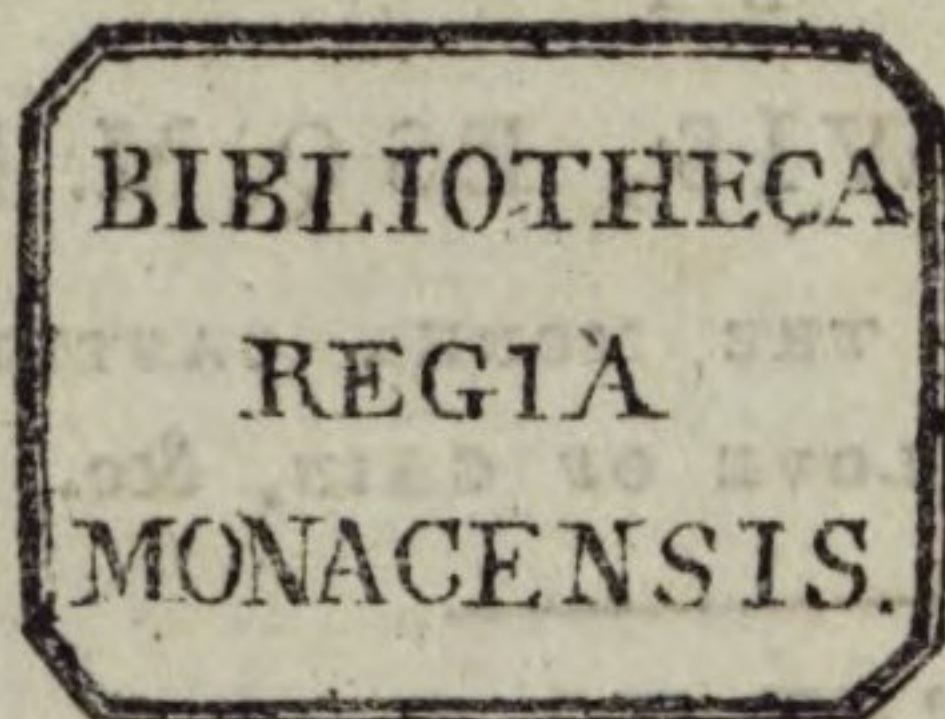
Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may!

MACBETH.

V O L. II.

V I E N N A:

Printed for R. SAMMER, Bookseller.
MDCCCV.



CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

No.	page.
XXIV. The Old Woman of Berkeley.	1
XXV. Bishop Bruno.	18
XXVI. Lord William.	23
XXVII. The Painter of Florence.	31
XXVIII. Donica	42
XXIX. Cornelius Agrippa's Bloody Book.	51
XXX. Rudiger.	56
XXXI. The Elfin-King.	68
XXXII. The Sorceress, or Wolf-wold and Ulla	83
XXXIII. Tam O'Shanter	95
XXXIV. The Witches' Song.	112
XXXV. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.	116
XXXVI. The Maid of the Moor, or the Water Fiends	123
XXXVII. Margaret's Ghost	133
XXXVIII. The Hermit	137
XXXIX. Edwin of the Green	158
XL. Theodore and Honoria.	168
XLI. Dreams.	199
XLII. History of Porsenna, King of Russia	210

ERRATA.

<i>Page</i>	<i>line</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>read.</i>
87	5	daughrer	daughter
136	17	fu!l	full
180	21	he	her
186	19	tisue	tissue
195	19	father	farther

No. XXIV.

THE OLD WOMAN OF
BERKELEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A. D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quaedam malefica, in villâ quae Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantiae, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Haec die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro deliciis pascebat, nescio quid garrere coepit; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere coepit, et emissio rugitu, hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit

Vol. II.

A.

*aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris
 intravit; muliere vero percunctatâ
 ad quid veniret, affero, inquit, tibi
 filii tui obitum et totius familiae
 ejus ex subitâ ruinâ interitum. Hoc
 quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto
 protinus decubuit graviter infirmata;
 sentiensque morbum subrepere ad
 vitalia, liberos quos habuit super-
 stites, monachum, videlicet, et mo-
 nacham, per epistolam invitavit;
 advenientes autem voce singultiente
 alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri,
 meo miserabili fato daemoniâcis
 semper artibus inservivi; ego om-
 nium vitiorum sentina, ego illece-
 brarum omnium fui magistra. Erat
 tamen mihi inter haec mala, spes
 vestrae religionis, quae meam soli-
 daret animam desperatam; vos ex-
 pectabam propugnatores contra dae-
 mones, tutores contra saevissimos
 hostes. Nunc igitur quoniam ad*

*finem vitae perveni, rogo vos per
materna ubera, ut mea tentetis alle-
viare tormenta. Inserite me defunc-
tam in corio cervino, ac deinde in
sarcophago lapideo supponite, oper-
culumque ferro et plumbo constrin-
gite, ac demum lapidem tribus ca-
tenis ferreis et fortissimis circum-
dantes, clericos quinquaginta psal-
morum cantores, et tot per tres
dies presbyteros missarum celebra-
tores applicate, qui feroces lenigent
adversariorum incursus. Ita si tri-
bus noctibus secura jacuero, quarta
die me infodite humo.*

Factumque est ut praeceperat illis.

*Sed, proh dolor! nil preces, nil
lacrymae, nil demum valere ca-
tenae. Primis enim duabus nocti-
bus, dum chori psallentium corpori
assistebant, advenientes daemones
ostium ecclesiae confregerunt ingenti
obice clausum, extremasque cate-*

nas negotio levi dirumpunt: media autem, quae fortior erat, illibata manebat. Tertiâ autem nocte, circa gallicinium, strepitu hostium adventantium, omne monasterium visum est a fundamento moveri. Unus ergo daemonum, et vultu caeteris terribilior, et staturâ eminentior, januas ecclesiae impetu violento concussas in fragmenta dejecit. Diverxerunt clerici cum laicis, metu steterunt omnium capilli, et psalmorum concentus defecit. Daemon ergo gestu ut videbatur arroganti ad sepulchrum accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum ingeminans, surgere imperavit. Quâ respondente, quod nequiret pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit, solveris; et protinus catenam quae caeterorum ferociam daemonum deluserat, velut stuppeum vinculum rumpebat. Operculum etiam sepulchri pede depellens, mulierem

palam omnibus ab ecclesia extraxit, ubi prae foribus niger equus superbe hinniens videbatur, uncis ferreis et clavis undique confixus, super quem misera mulier projecta, ab oculis assistentium evanuit. Audiebantur tamen clamores, per quatuor fere miliaria, horribiles, auxilium postulantes.

Ista itaque quae retuli incredibilia non erunt, si legatur beati Gregorii dialogus, in quo refert, hominem in ecclesia sepultum, a daemonibus foras ejectum. Et apud Francos, Carolus Martellus insignis vir fortitudinis, qui Saracenos Galliam ingressos, Hispaniam redire compulit, exactis vitae suae diebus, in Ecclesia beati Dionysii legitur fuisse sepultus. Sed quia patrimonia, cum decimis omnium fere ecclesiarum Galliae, pro stipendio commilitonum suorum mutilaverat, miserabiliter

*a malignis spiritibus de sepulchro
corporaliter avulsus, usque in ho-
diernum diem nusquam comparuit.*

Matthew of Westminster.

*This story is also related by Olaus
Magnus; and in the Nuremberg
Chronicle.*

THE raven croak'd as she sate at her
meal,

And the Old Woman knew what he
said,

And she grew pale at the raven's tale,
And sicken'd, and went to her bed.

—“Now fetch me my children, and fetch
them with speed,”—

The Old Woman of Berkeley said,
—“The monk my son, and my daughter
the nun;

“Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead.”—

The monk her son, and her daughter
the nun,

Their way to Berkeley went,
And they have brought, with pious
thought,
The holy sacrament.

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd
her door,

'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear;
—“Now take the sacrament away,
“For mercy, my children dear!”—

Her lip it trembled with agony,
The sweat ran down her brow,
“I have tortures in store for evermore,
“Oh! spare me, my children, now!”—

Away they sent the sacrament ;
The fit it left her weak ,
She look'd at her children with ghastly
eyes ,

And faintly struggled to speak.

—“All kind of sin I have rioted in,
“And the judgment now must be;

“But I secured my children’s souls,

“Oh! pray, my children, for me!

“I have suck’d the breath of sleeping
babes,

“The fiends have been my slaves;

“I have noited myself with infants’ fat,

“And feasted on rifled graves.

“And the Fiend will fetch me now in fire,

“My witchcrafts to atone;

“And I, who have rifled the dead man’s
grave,

“Shall never have rest in my own.

“Bless, I intreat, my winding sheet,

“My children, I beg of you!

“And with holy water sprinkle my
shroud,

“And sprinkle my coffin too.

“And let me be chain’d in my coffin
of stone,

9
“ And fasten it strong, I implore,
“ With iron bars; and let it be chain'd
“ With three chains to the church floor.

“ And bless the chains, and sprinkle them;
“ And let fifty priests stand round,
“ Who night and day the mass may say
“ Where I lie on the ground.

“ And let fifty choristers be there,
“ The funeral dirge to sing,
“ Who day and night, by the tapers' light,
“ Their aid to me may bring.

“ Let the church bells all, both great
and small,
“ Be toll'd by night and day,
“ To drive from thence the fiends who
come
“ To bear my corpse away.

“ And ever have the church door barr'd
“ After the even song;

"And I beseech you, children dear,
 "Let the bars and bolts be strong.
 "And let this be three days and nights,
 "My wretched corpse to save;
 "Preserve me so long from the fiendish
 throng,
 "And then I may rest in my grave."—

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her
 down,
 And her eyes grew deadly dim,
 Short came her breath, and the struggle
 of death
 Did loosen every limb.

They bless'd the Old Woman's winding
 sheet
 With rites and prayers as due:
 With holy water they sprinkled her
 shroud,
 And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in a coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down;
And in the church, with three strong
chains,
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they bless'd the chains, and sprinkled
them,
And fifty priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty choristers were there
To sing the funeral song,
And a hollow'd taper blazed in the hand
Of all the sacred throng.

To see the priests and choristers
It was a goodly sight,
Each holding, as it were a staff,
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great
and small,

Did toll so loud and long,
And they have barr'd the church door
hard,
After the even song.

And the first night the tapers' light
Burnt steadily and clear;
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church door,
Like a long thunder peal,
And the priests they pray'd and the
choristers sung,
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd
well,

The tapers they burnt bright;
The monk her son, and her daughter
the nun,

They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, away then flew
 The fiends from the herald of day,
 And undisturb'd the choristers sing,
 And the fifty priests they pray.

The second night the tapers' light
 Burnt dismally and blue,
 And every one saw his neighbour's face
 Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise,
 That the stoutest heart might shock;
 And a deafening roaring, like a cataract
 pouring
 Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads
 As fast as they could tell;
 And aye, as louder grew the noise,
 The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung,
 As they trembled more and more;

And the fifty priests pray'd to heaven
for aid ;

They never had pray'd so before.

The cock he crew, away then flew
The fiends from the herald of day :
And undisturb'd the choristers sing,
And the fifty priests they pray.

The third night came, and the tapers'
flame

A hideous stench did make ;
And they burnt as though they had
been dipp'd
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing
of ocean ,
Grew momentarily more and more,
And strokes, as of a battering ram,
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they, for very fear,
Could toll the bell no longer ;

And still, as louder grew the strokes,
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,
They fell on the ground dismay'd;
There was not a single saint in heaven
Whom they did not call to aid.

And the choriters' song, that late was
so strong,

Grew a quaver of consternation,
For the church did rock, as an earthquake
shock

Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's
blast,

That shall one day wake the dead;
The strong church door could bear no
more,

And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd
quite,

And the choristers faintly sung,
And the priests, dismay'd, panted and
pray'd,

Till fear froze every tongue.

And in he came, with eyes of flame,

The Fiend to fetch the dead,

And all the church with his presence
glow'd

Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,

And like flax they moulder'd asunder;

And the coffin lid, that was barr'd so firm,

He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley
rise,

And come with her master away;

And the cold sweat stood on the cold
cold corpse,

At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
And a groan like that which the Old
Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She followed the Fiend to the church door,
There stood a black horse there,
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiendish force flung her on the horse,
And he leap'd up before,
And away like the lightning's speed
they went,
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries
and shrieks

For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers'
breast,
Started and scream'd with fear.

No. XXV.

BISHOP BRUNO.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead
midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with
affright,
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing
knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again;
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd
the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-
owl scream;

Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,
O glad was he when he saw the day-light.

Now forth he goes in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany,
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see the pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee
 they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

He went so stately and so proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud—
—"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel
 with glee,
"But know, Bishop Bruno, you travel
 to me."—

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;

And the Bishop he grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and
there

Were choicest wines, and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard, as he sat in
his seat;

—"With the Emperor now you are
dining in glee,

"But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup
with me."—

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And instantly lost his appetite;

And all the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick
with fear.

But by little and little recover'd he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the maskers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud;
—"You have pass'd the day, Bishop
Bruno, with glee,
"But you must pass the night with
me!"—

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls
glare,

And stiff round his tonsure rises his hair :
With that there came one from the
maskers' band,

And he took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath ,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of
Death ;

On saints in vain he attempted to call—
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

No. XXVI.

LORD WILLIAM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream ;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their Lord ,
And he , the rightful heir , possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood midst a fair domain ,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there ,

Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
 The months appear'd to roll;
 And now the day return'd that shook
 With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
 Return without dismay,
 For well had conscience kalender'd
 Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
 Fell fast, with tempest roar,
 And the swoln tide of Severn spread
 Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
 In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
 And strove with noisy mirth to drown
 The anguish of his soul.

The tempest as its sudden swell
 In gusty howlings came,

With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand:

Such and so pale his face as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

—“I bade thee, with a father's love,
“My orphan Edmund guard;
“Well, William, hast thou kept thy
charge!
“Now take thy due reward.”—

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear ;
He only heard the storm of night—
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals,
—“What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
“The water saps thy walls!”—

He rose in haste : beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear ;
It hemm'd him round , 'twas midnight
now ,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And, eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for safety all.

—“My boat is small,” the boatman cried,
“This dangerous haste forbear !

“Wait other aid ; this little bark
 “But one from hence can bear.”—

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
 —“Haste—haste to yonder shore !
 “And ample wealth shall well reward,
 “Ply swift and strong the oar.”—

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Went light along the stream ;
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paus'd,—“methought I
 heard
 “A child's distressful cry!”—
 —“'Twas but the howling wind of night,”
 Lord William made reply.

“Haste, haste—ply swift and strong the
 oar !

“Haste—haste across the stream!”—
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

—“I heard a child’s distressful scream,”—

The boatman cried again.

—“Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—

“And we should search in vain.”—

—“Oh God! Lord William, dost thou
know

“How dreadful ’tis to die?

“And can’st thou without pity hear

“A child’s expiring cry?

“How horrible it is to sink

“Beneath the chilly stream,

“To stretch the powerless arms in vain,

“In vain for help to scream?”—

The shriek again was heard. It came

More deep, more piercing loud;

That instant o’er the flood the moon

Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,

Upon a crag he stood,

A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place,
The moon-beam shone upon the child
And show'd how pale his face.

—“Now reach thine hand!” the boatman
cried,

“Lord William reach and save!”—
The child stretch'd forth his little hands,
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he
touch'd

Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk,
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he scream'd!—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

No. XXVII.

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PART I.

THERE once was a Painter in Catholic
days,

Like Job, who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonna's the curious may
gaze

With applause and amazement, but
chiefly his praise

And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels, compared to the devils
he drew,

Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable
hue,

You could even smell brimstone, their
breath was so blue,
He painted his devils so well.

And now had the Artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the dragon embracing her
son:

Many devils already the Artist had done,
But this must outdo all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled
through the air,
At seeing it, paused on the wing,
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself
had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it, shiver'd
with dread,
And scream'd, as he turned away
quick;

Not an old woman saw it, but, raising
 her head,
 Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her
 wrinkles, and said,
 —“God help me from ugly Old Nick!”—

What the Painter so earnestly thought
 on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night;
 But once he was startled, as sleeping
 he lay,
 'Twas no fancy, no dream—he could
 plainly survey
 That the Devil himself was in sight.

—“You rascally dauber,” old Beelzebub
 cries,

“Take heed how you wrong me again!
 “Though your caricatures for myself I
 despise,

“Make me handsome now in the mul-
 titude's eyes,

“Or see if I threaten in vain!—

Now the painter was bold, and religious
beside,

And on faith he had certain reliance;
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting, with
Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every feature
he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labor he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance
can't fail,

The tip of the nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin
cover'd with scale,
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with
delight;

'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
He touches again, and again feeds his
sight,

He looks round for applause, and he
sees, with affright,

The original standing behind.

—“Fool! idiot!” old Beelzebub grinn'd
as he spoke,

And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire;
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it
no joke,

'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffold
folding broke;

The Devil could wish it no higher.

—“Help! help me! O Mary!” he cried
in alarm,

As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended
her arm,

She caught the good Painter, she saved
him from harm,

There were thousands who saw in
the street.

The old Dragon fled when the wonder
he 'spied,

And cursed his own fruitless endeavour;

While the Painter call'd after, his rage
to deride,

Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph,
and cried,

—“Now I'll paint thee more ugly than
ever!”—

PART II.

The Painter so pious all praise had
acquired,

For defying the malice of hell:

The Monks the unerring resemblance
admired,

Not a lady lived near but her portrait
desired

From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted, the number
among ,

Of features most fair to behold ,
The country around of fair Marguerite
rung ;

Marguerite she was lovely, and lively,
and young ,

Her husband was ugly and old.

Oh ! Painter , avoid her ! Oh ! Painter ,
take care !

For Satan is watchful for you !
Take heed, lest you fall in the wicked
one's snare ,
The net is made ready—Oh ! Painter ,
beware

Of Satan and Marguerite too !

She seats herself now , now she lifts
up her head ,

On the Artist she fixes her eyes ;
The colors are ready , the canvas is
spread ,

He lays on the white, and he lays on
the red,

And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright
and so blue,

There's a look that he cannot express,
His colors are dull to their quick-
sparkling hue,

More and more on the lady he fixes
his view,

On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eye sparkles
more,

And that look that fair Marguerite gave:
Many devils the Artist had painted of
yore,

But he never attempted an Angel before,

St. Anthony help him, and save!

He yielded, alas! for the truth must
be told,

To the woman, the tempter, and fate;

It was settled, the Lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband, so ugly
and old,

With the Painter so pious of late,

Now Satan exults in his vengeance
complete,

To the husband he makes the scheme
known;

Night comes, and the lovers impatiently
meet,

Together they fly, they are seized in
the street,

And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion,
he lies,

And a dismal companion is she.

On a sudden he saw the old Serpent arise;

—“You villainous dauber,” old Beel-
zebub cries,

“You are paid for your insults to me.

“But my too tender heart it is easy to
move,

“If to what I propose you agree.

“That picture—be fair! the resemblance
improve,

“Make a handsomer picture—your chains
I’ll remove,

“And you shall this instant be free.”—

Overjoy’d, the condition so easy he
hears,

—“I’ll make you more handsome,”—
he said.

He sees that his chain on the Devil appears,
Released from his prison, released from
his fears,

The Painter lies snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before:
The people beheld him, the culprit
they took,

They thought that the Painter his prison
 had broke ,
 And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon—behold in his
 place ,

In the corner, old Beelzebub lay :
 He smirks, and he smiles, and he leers
 with a grace ,
 That the Painter might catch all the
 charms of his face ,
 Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter—"I trust you'll suspect
 me no more ,

"Since you find my denial was true ;
 "But I'll alter the picture above the
 church-door ,

"For I never saw Satan so closely
 before—

"And I must give the Devil his due."—

No. XXVIII.

DONICA.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

In Finland there is a Castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which fore-shew either the death of the Governor, or some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of an harper, sweetly singing, and dallying and playing under the water. It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both

she speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a Magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, "fair Maids why keep you company with this dead virgin whom you suppose to be alive?" when taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion. The following Ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the Notes to The Hierarchies of the blessed Angels; a poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

HIGH on a rock, whose castled shade
 Darken'd the lake below
 In ancient strength majestic stood
 The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever Swallow in its waves
Her passing wings would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
In wild alarm would run,
Though parch'd with thirst, and faint
beneath
The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes, when no passing breeze
The long lank sedges waved,
All white with foam, and heaving high,
Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,

Its dark unfathom'd depths did send
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he;
Donica was the maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn,
Flush'd o'er her clear white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast;
Her parents loved the maiden much,
Young EBERHARD loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life;
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair, and mild the air,
Along the lake they stray :
The eastern hill reflected bright
The fading tints of day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd
The liquid radiance wide:
Donica's little dog ran on,
And gambol'd at her side.

Youth, health, and love, bloom'd on
her cheek;

Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard,
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge;
The air was hush'd; no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathom'd lake sent forth
Strange music from beneath,

And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
The solemn sounds of death.

As the deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale;
And in the arms of Eberhard
The senseless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shriek'd,
And loud he call'd for aid;
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the death-pale maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined, she moved,
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recover'd, reach'd
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheek

Return'd the lively hue;

Her cheeks were deathly white, and wan,

Her lips a livid blue.

Her eyes so bright and black of yore,

Were now more black and bright:

And beam'd strange lustre in her face,

So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gambol'd by her side,

And loved with her to stray;

Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,

And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard

Not love the maid the less;

He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed

With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharm'd,

He would not brook delay,

But press'd the not unwilling maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
They hail'd the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

And as they at the altar stood,
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallowed tapers dimly stream'd
A pale sulphureous light.

And as the youth, with holy warmth,
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he shriek, for lo!
A Spirit met his view;
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame
 Howling the dæmon fled,
 And at the side of Eberhard
 The livid form fell dead.

No. XXIX.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA'S
BLOODY BOOK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one
day,

His study he lock'd ere he went away;
And he gave the key of the door to
his wife,

And charged her to keep it lock'd on
her life.

—“And if any one ask my study to see,
“I charge you trust them not with the key;
“Whoever may beg, and entreat, and
implore,

“For your life let nobody enter that
door.”—

There lived a young man in the house,
who in vain
Access to that study had strove to obtain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the book
to see,
'Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the study table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading
that day;
The letters were written with blood
within,
And the leaves were made of dead men's
skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic
between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were
seen;
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.
The young man he began to read

He knew not what , but he would
proceed ;

When there was heard a sound at the
door ,

Which , as he read on , grew more and
more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do ;
But trembling in fear he sat within ,
'Till the door was broke, and the Devil
came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had
got ,

Like iron heated nine times red-hot ;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone
blue ,

And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

—"What would'st thou with me?"—
the wicked one cried,
But not a word the youth replied ;

Every hair on his head was standing
 upright,
 And his limbs, like a palsy, shook
 with affright.

—“What would'st thou with me?”—
 cried the author of ill,
 But the wretched young man was silent
 still;
 Not a word had his lips the power to say,
 And his marrow seem'd to be melting
 away.

—“What would'st thou with me?”—the
 third time, he cries,
 And a flash of lightning came from
 his eyes;
 And he lifted his griffin-claw in the air,
 And the young man had not strength
 for a prayer.

His eyes with a furious joy were
 possess'd,

As he tore the young man's heart from
his breast :

He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And with claps of thunder vanish'd away.
Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjuror's books they read.

No. XXX.

RUDIGER.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Divers Princes and Noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat, or small barge, make toward the shore, drawn by a Swan in a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown Soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stepped upon the shore; which done, the boat, guided by the swan, left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some

years the same swan came with the same barge, unto the same place; the soldier entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen amongst them after.

Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubi? says Thomas Heywood. I have adopted his story, but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first born child.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendors shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,

As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stray'd, a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along,

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest, and swelling breast,
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
And leapt to land the knight,
And down the stream the little boat
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie;
Was never youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret,
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize,
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair,
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away ;
For he was kind , and she was kind ,
And who so blest as they ?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought ,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught ;

But soon he raised his looks again ,
And smiled his cares away ,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months,
The hour appointed came ,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see ,
And darkly on the babe he gazed ,
And very sad was he.

And when to bless the little babe
 The holy father came,
 To cleanse the stains of sin away
 In Christ's redeeming name;

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
 Assume a death-pale hue,
 And on his clammy forehead stood
 The cold convulsive dew;

And, faltering in his speech, he bade
 The priest the rites delay,
 Till he could, to right health restored,
 Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
 He saw the day decline,
 He called upon his Margaret
 To walk beside the Rhine.

—“And we will take the little babe,
 “For soft the breeze that blows,

“And the mild murmurs of the stream
“Will lull him to repose.”—

And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger, upon his arm,
Pillow'd the little child

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger, in silent mood,
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

—“Oh, turn thee—turn thee, Rudiger,
“The rising mists behold;
“The evening wind is damp and chill,
“The little babe is cold!”—

—“Now, hush thee—hush thee, Margaret,
“The mists will do no harm;
“And from the wind, the little babe
“Lies shelter’d on my arm.”—

—“Oh, turn thee—turn thee, Rudiger,
“Why onward wilt thou roam?
“The moon is up, the night is cold,
“And we are far from home.”—

He answered not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leap’d he with the child;
And in leap’d Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail’d the stately swan,

And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendor thro' the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolor'd light:

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer, fluttering fast,
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear,
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice,
—"Give me the child,"—she said.

—“Now, hush thee—hush thee, Magaret!

“Nor my poor heart distress;

“I do but pay, perforce, the price

“Of former happiness.

“And hush thee too, my little babe!

“Thy cries so feeble, cease:

“Lie still, lie still:—a little while,

“And thou shalt be at peace!”—

So as he spake to land they drew,

And swift he stepp'd on shore;

And him behind did Margaret

Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,

Nor house nor tree was there,

And there a rocky mountain rose,

Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,

No eye its depth may view,

For in the moon-beam shining round,
That darkness darker grew.

Cold Horror crept through Margaret's
blood,

Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried,—“Lo, I am here!”—

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd—“Lo, I am here!”—
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh;
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd
then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

—“Now, help me, Jesus!”—loud she
cries,

And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls:

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

No. XXXI.

THE ELFIN-KING.

J. LEYDEN.

—“ O SWIFT, and swifter far he speeds
“ Than earthly steed can run ;
“ But I hear not the feet of his courser fleet,
“ As he glides o’er the moorland
dun.”—

Lone was the strath where he crossed
their path,
And wide did the heath extend,
The Knight in Green on that moor is seen
At every seven years’ end.

And swift is the speed of his coal-black
steed,
As the leaf before the gale,
But never yet have that courser’s feet
Been heard on hill or dale.

But woe to the wight who meets the
 Green Knight,
 Except on his faulchion arm
 Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St.
 Clair,

 The holy Trefoil's charm;

For then shall fly his gifted eye,
 Delusions false and dim;
 And each unblest'd shade shall stand
 pourtray'd
 In ghostly form and limb.

O swift, and swifter far he speeds
 Than earthly steed can run;
 —“He skims the blue air,” said the
 brave St. Clair,
 “Instead of the heath so dun.

“His locks are bright as the streamer's
 light,

 “His cheeks like the rose's hue;
 “The Elfin-King, like the merlin's wing
 “Are his pinions of glossy blue.”—

—“No Elfin-King, with azure wing,
“On the dark brown moor I see;
“But a courser keen, and a Knight in
Green,
“And full fair I ween is he.

“Nor Elfin-King, nor azure wing,
“Nor ringlets sparkling bright;”—
Sir Geoffry cried, and forward hied
To join the stranger Knight.

He knew not the path of the lonely strath,
Where the Elfin-King went his round;
Or he never had gone with the Green
Knight on,
Nor trode the charmed ground.

How swift they flew ! no eye could view
 Their track on heath or hill ;
 Yet swift across both moor and moss
 St. Clair did follow still.

And soon was seen a circle green,
Where a shadowy wassel crew

Amid the ring did dance and sing,
In weeds of watchet blue.

And the windlestrae, * so limber and
gray,

Did shiver beneath the tread
Of the courser's feet, as they rushed
to meet

The morrice of the dead.

—"Come here, come here, with thy
green fare,

"Before the bread be stale;

"To roundel dance with speed advance,

"And taste our wassel ale."—

Then up to the Knight came a grizzly
wight,

And sounded in his ear,

—"Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,

"Nor taste their ghostly cheer."—

* Ryegrass.

The tabors rung, the tilts were sung,
 And the Knight the dance did lead;
 But the maidens fair seem'd round him
 to stare,

With eyes like the glassy bead.

The glance of their eye, so cold and
 so dry,

Did almost his heart appal;

Their motion is swift, but their limbs
 they lift

Like stony statues all.

Again to the Knight came the grizzly
 wight,

When the roundel dance was o'er;

—"Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,

"Or rue for evermore."—

But forward press'd the dauntless guest

To the tables of ezlar red,

And there was seen the Knight in Green,

To grace the fair board head.

And before that Knight was a goblet
bright

Of emerald smooth and green,
The fretted brim was studded full trim
With mountain rubies sheen.

Sir Geoffry the Bold of the cup laid hold,
With heath-ale mantling o'er;
And he saw as he drank that the ale
never skrank,
But mantled as before.

Then Sir Geoffry grew pale as he quaffed
the ale,
And cold as the corpse of clay;
And with horny beak the ravens did
shriek,
And flutter'd o'er their prey.

But soon throughout the revel rout
A strange commotion ran,
For beyond the round, they heard the
sound

Of the steps of an uncharm'd man.

And soon to St. Clair the grim wight
did repair,

From the midst of the wassel crew ;
—“Sir Knight, beware of the revellers
there,

“Nor do as they bid thee do.”—

—“What woful wight art thou,” said
the Knight,

“To haunt this wassel fray?”—

—“I was once,” quoth he, “a mortal,
like thee,

“Though now I’m an Elfin gray.

“And the Knight so Bold as the corpse
lies cold,

“Who trode the green sward ring ;

“He must wander along with that restless
throng,

“For aye, with the Elfin-King.

“With the restless crew, in weeds so blue,
 “The hapless Knight must wend;
 “Nor ever be seen on haunted green
 “Till the weary seven years’ end.

“Fair is the mien of the Knight in Green,
 “And bright his sparkling hair;
 “’Tis hard to believe how malice can live
 “In the breast of aught so fair.

“And light and fair are the fields of air,
 “Where he wanders to and fro;
 “Still doom’d to fleet from the regions
 of heat,
 “To the realms of endless snow.

“When high over head fall the stream-
 ers * red,
 “He views the blessed afar;
 “And in stern despair darts through the air
 “To earth, like a falling star.

* Northern lights.

“With his shadowy crew, in weeds so
blue,

“That Knight for aye must run;
“Except, thou succeed in a perilous deed,
“Unseen by the holy sun.

“Who ventures the deed, and fails to
succeed,

“Perforce must join the crew:”—
—“Then brief, declare,” said the brave
St. Clair,

“A deed that a Knight may do.”—

“Mid the sleet and the rain thou must
here remain,

“By the haunted green sward ring,
“Till the dance wax slow, and the song
faint and low,

“Which the crew unearthly sing.

“Then right at the time of the matin
chime,

“Thou must tread the unhallow’d
ground,

“And with mystic pace the circles trace
“That enclose it nine times round.

“ And next must thou pass the rank
green grass

“To the tables of ezlar red ;

“And the goblet clear away must thou
bear,

“Nor behind thee turn thy head.

“And ever anon as thou tread’st upon

“The sword of the green charm’d ring,

“Be no word express’d in that space
unbless’d

“That ’longeth of holy thing.

“ For the charm’d ground is all unsound,

"And the lake spreads wide below,

“And the Water-Fiend there, with the
Fiend of Air,

"Is leagued for mortals' woe."—

Mid the sleet and the rain did St. Clair
remain

Till the evening star did rise ;
And the rout so gay did dwindle away
To the elritch dwarfy size.

When the moon beams pale fell through
the white hail,

With a wan and a watery ray ,
Sad notes of woe seem'd round him to
grow ,

The dirge of the Elfin gray.

And right at the time of the matin chime
His mystic pace began ,
And murmurs deep around him did creep,
Like the moans of a murder'd man.

The matin bell was tolling farewell ,
When he reach'd the central ring ,
And there he beheld , to ice congeal'd ,
That crew , with the Elfin-King.

For ay, at the knell of the matin bell,
When the black monks wend to pray,
The spirits unblest'd have a glimpse
of rest
Before the dawn of day.

The sigh of the trees, and the rush
of the breeze,
Then pause on the lonely hill;
And the frost of the dead clings round
their head,
And they slumber cold and still.

The Knight took up the emerald cup,
And the ravens hoarse did scream,
And the shuddering Elfin half rose up,
And murmur'd in their dream:

They inwardly mourn'd, and the thin
blood return'd
To every icy limb;
And each frozen eye, so cold and so dry,
'Gan roll with lustre dim.

Then brave St. Clair did turn him there,
To retrace the mystic track,
He heard the sigh of his lady fair,
Who sobbed behind his back.

He started quick, and his heart beat thick,
And he listen'd in wild amaze;
But the parting bell on his ear it fell,
And he did not turn to gaze.

With panting breast, as he forward
press'd,
He trode on a mangled head;
And the skull did scream, and the voice
did seem
The voice of his mother dead.

He shuddering trode:—On the great
name of God
He thought,—but he nought did say;
And the green sward did shrink, as
about to sink,
And loud laugh'd the Elfins gray.

And loud did resound, o'er the unbless'd
ground,

The wings of the blue Elf-King;
And the ghostly crew to reach him flew,
But he cross'd the charmed ring.

The morning was gray, and dying away
Was the sound of the matin bell;
And far to the west the Fays that ne'er
rest,
Fled where the moon-beams fell.

And Sir Geoffry the Bold, on the unhal-
low'd mold,
Arose from the green witch-grass;
And he felt his limbs like a dead man's
cold,
And he wist not where he was.

And that cup so rare, which the brave
St. Clair
Did bear from the ghostly crew,

Was suddenly changed, from the emerald
fair,

To the ragged whinstone blue;
And instead of the ale that mantled there,
Was the murky midnight dew.

No. XXXII.

THE SORCERESS ;
OR
WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

—PRISCA FIDES.

VIRG.

MICKLE.

—“OH, low he lies; his cold pale
cheek

“Lies lifeless on the clay;

“Yet struggling hope—O day spring
break,

“And lead me on my way.

“On Denmark’s cruel bands, O heaven!

“Thy red-wing’d vengeance pour;

“Before my Wolfwold’s spear be driven—

“O rise bright morning hour!”—

Thus Ulla wail'd , the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race ;
Thus Ulla wail'd , in nightly shade ,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden o'er the fir-crown'd hill,
The full orb'd moon arose ;
And o'er the winding dale so still,
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast ,
Her anxious care delay ;
But deep with hope and fear impress'd ,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower , and all alone
She traced the dale so still ;
And sought the cave, with rue o'ergrown,
Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
With hemlock , fenced the cell :
The dreary mouth , half under ground,
Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spied,
 Cold Horror shook her knee;
 —“And hear, O Prophetess,” she cried,
 “A Princess sue to thee.”—

Aghast she stood! athwart the air,
 The dismal screech-owl flew;
 The fillet round her auburn hair
 Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow, glow'd
 Beneath the moon's pale beam;
 And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs
 strew'd,
 Effused a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spied,
 As in her deepest cell,
 At midnight's magic hour she tried
 A tomb o'erpowering spell.

When from the cavern's dreary womb
 Her groaning voice arose,

—“O come, my daughter, fearless come,
“And fearless tell thy woes.”—

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies :

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound
Loose hung her ash-grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue flamed eye-balls glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue ,
 Her ghostly length array'd ,
 A gaping rent , full to the view
 Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

—“ And tell, my daughrer, fearless tell,
 “ What sorrow brought thee here ;
 “ So may my power thy cares expel ,
 “ And give thee sweetest cheer.”—

—“ O , mistress of the powerful spell ,
 “ King Edric's daughter see ;
 “ Northumbria to my father fell ,
 “ And sorrow fell to me.

“ My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won ;
 “ My father on him smiled ;
 “ Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne ,
 “ His pride the youth exiled.

“ Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
 “ Their gloomy black wings spread ,

“ And o’er Northumbria’s hills and leas,
 “ Their dreadful squadrons sped.

“—‘Return, brave Wolfwold,’—Edric
 cried,

‘ O generous warrior, hear,
 ‘ My daughter’s hand, thy willing bride,
 ‘ Awaits thy conquering spear.’—

“ The banish’d youth in Scotland’s court
 “ Had pass’d the weary year;
 “ And soon he heard the glad report,
 “ And soon he grasp’d his spear.

“ He left the Scottish dames to weep,
 “ And wing’d with true love speed;
 “ Nor day, nor night, he stopt to sleep,
 “ And soon he cross’d the Tweed.

“ With joyful voice, and raptured eyes,
 “ He press’d my willing hand;
 “—‘I go, my fair, my love,’—he cries,
 ‘ To guard thy father’s land.

“ ‘By Edon’s shore in deathful fray
 ‘The daring foe we meet,
 ‘Ere three short days I trust to lay
 ‘My trophies at thy feet.’—

“Alas, alas! that time is o’er,
 “And three long days beside,
 “Yet not a word from Edon’s shore
 “Has cheer’d his fearful bride.

“O, mistress of the powerful spell,
 “His doubtful fate decide.”—

—“And cease, my child, for all is well,”
 The grizzly witch replied.

—“Approach my cave, and where I place
 “The magic circle, stand,
 “And fear not aught of ghastly face
 “That glides beneath my wand.”—

The grizzly witches powerful charms,
 Then reach’d the laboring moon,

And, cloudless at the dire alarms,
She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the
shade,

That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul wing'd serpents, bore
The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless, a huge and starved toad sat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
Clung to the creviced roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd,
And grappling still each other's bones,
The strife of death display'd.

—“And now, my child,” the Sorceress
said,

“Lord Wolfwold’s father’s grave
“To me shall render up the dead,
“And send him to my cave.

“His skeleton shall hear my spell,
“And to the figured walls
“His hand of bone shall point, and tell
“What fate his son befalls.”—

O cold down Ulla’s snow-like face
The trembling sweat drops fell,
And, borne by sprites of gliding pace,
The corse approach’d the cell.

And thrice the Witch her magic wand
Waved o’er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield and broken spear
The figure wander’d o’er,

Then rested on a sable bier
Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes her mouth, so wide
And black, the Sorceress throws,
—“And be those signs, my child,” she
cried,
“Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes!

“A happier spell I now shall try;
“Attend, my child, attend,
“And mark what flames from altar high,
“And lowly floor, ascend.

“If of the roses' softest red
“The blaze shines forth to view.
“Then Wolfwold lives—but Hell forbid
“The glimmering flame of blue!”—

The Witch then raised her haggard arm,
And waved her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground,
Her hands aloft were spread,
And every joint as marble bound,
Felt Horror's darkest dread:

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
Were now as vi'let pale,
And trembling in convulsive throes,
Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
And glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the
floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmost cave,

Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through his hand appear'd
That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woful shade,
Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
And down she sunk, and died.

No. XXXIII.

TAM O'SHANTER.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN chapman billies 1) leave the
street,

And drouthy 2) neighbours, neighbours
meet

As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to take the gate; 3)
While we sit bousing 4) at the nappy,
And getting fou 5) and unco 6) happy,
We think not on the long Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, 7) and
stiles,

That lie between us and our hame, 8)

1) *Billies*, brothers. 2) *Drouthy*, thirsty.

3) *Take the gate*, return home.

4) *Bousing*, drinking. 5) *Fou*, drunk.

6) *Unco*, very. 7) *Slaps*, gates, or
breaches in fences. 8) *Hame*, home.

Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth found honest Tam O'Shan-
 ter,

As he from Ayr one night did canter,
 (Old Ayr whom ne'er a town sur-
 passes,

For honest men and bonny 1) lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been so wise,
 As taken thy own wife Kate's advice!
 She told thee well thou wast a skellum, 2)
 A blethering, 3) blustering, drunken
 blellum;

That from November till October,
 One market-day thou wast not sober,
 That ilka 4) melder, with the miller;

1) *Bonny* or *bonnie*, handsome. 2) *Skel-
 lum*, a rogue. 3) *Blethering*, talk-
 ing idly. 4) *Ilka*, each.

Thou satst as long as thou hadst siller; 1)
That every nag was ca'd 2) a shoe
on,

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, even on
Sunday,

Thou drankst with Kirkton Jean till
Monday.

She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in
Doon;

Or catch'd with warlocks 3) in the mirk, 4)
By Alloway's old haunted kirk. 5)

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, 6)
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband from the wife despises!

1) *Siller*, money. 2) *C'ad*, nailed.
3) *Warlock*, a wizzard. 4) *Mirk*,
dark. 5) *Kirk*, church. 6) *Gars me*
greet, makes me weep.

But to our tale: One market night,
 Tam had got planted very right;
 Fast by an ingle, 1) bleezing 2) finely,
 With reaming swats, 3) that drank di-
 vinely;

And at his elbow, Souter 4) Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; 5)
 Tam loved him like a very brither; 6)
 They had been fou for weeks together.
 The night drave 7) on with songs and
 clatter; 8)

And ay the' ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 With favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter told his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might roar and
 rustle,

-
- 1) *Ingle*, fire. 2) *Bleezing*, burning.
 3) *Reaming swats*, a sort of liquor.
 4) *Souter*, a shoemaker. 5) *Crony*,
 or *cronie*, an old acquaintance. 6) *Bri-
 ther*, brother. 7) *Drave*, passed. 8)
Clatter, discourse.

Tam did not mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man so happy,
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy,
As bees fly home with loads of treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way with pleasure:
sure:

Kings may be bless'd, but Tam was
glorious,
O'er all the hills of life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—

No man can tether 1) time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam must ride;

1) *Tether*, tie.

That hour, of night's black arch the
key-stone,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And such a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroadin.

The wind blew as 'twould blown 1) its
last;

The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
low'd;

Loud, deep, and long, the thunder
bellow'd;

That night, a child might understand,
The deil 2) had business on his hand.

Well mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit 3) on through dub and
mire, 4)

1) *As 'twould blown*, as if it would
have blown. 2) *Deil*, the devil.

3) *Skelpit*, galloped. 4) *Dub*, a pool.

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn, 1)
Where hunters found the murder'd
bairn; 2)

And near the thorn, above the well,
Where Mungo's mother hang'd herself.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,

Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; 3)
Thro' ilka bore 4) the beams were
glancing;

And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
With tippeny, 5) we fear no evil;

1) *Cairn*, a heap of stones. 2) *Bairn*,
a child. 3) *Bleeze*, blaze. 4) *Bore*,
crevice. 5) *John Barleycorn*, and
Tippeny, terms for malt liquor.

With usquabaugh we'll face the devil!—

The swats 1) so ream'd in Tammie's

noddle, 2)

Fair play, he car'd not deils a boddle 3)

But Maggie stood right sore astonish'd,

Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,

She ventured forward on the light;

And, vow ! Tam saw an unco 4) sight !

Warlocks and witches in a dance;

No cotillion brought new from France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and

reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.

A winnock-bunker 5) in the east,

There sat old Nick, in shape of beast ;

A towzie-tyke, 6) black, grim, and large,

To give them music was his charge :

1) *Swats*, fumes. 2) *Noddle*, head.

3) *Boddle*, a farthing. 4) *Unco*, strange. 5) *Winnock-bunker*, a

strange. 5) *Winnock-bunker*, a
window. 6) *Towzie-tyke*, a shaggy

6) *Towzie-tyke*, a shaggy
dog.

He screw'd the pipes and gart 1) them
skirl, 2)

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. 3)—
Coffins stood round, like open presses, 4)
That shew'd the dead in their last
dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip 5) slight,
Each in its cold hand held a light. —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the holy table,
A murderer's bones in gibbet airns; 6)
Two span-long, wee, 7) unchristen'd
bairns;

A thief, new-cutted from a rape, 8)
With his last gasp his gab 9) did gape;
Five tomahawks, with blood red-rusted,
Five scimetars, with murder crusted;

- 1) *Gart*, made. 2) *Skirl*, to cry out.
3) *Dirl*, rattle, shake. 4) *Presses*,
closets for linen, a sort of cupboards.
5) *Cantrip*, a charm, or spell. 6) *Airns*,
irons. 7) *Wee*, little 8) *New-cutted*
from a rape, new cut from a rope.
9) *Gab*, mouth.

A garter, which a babe had strangled,
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his own son of life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stuck to the heft; 1)
 With more of horrible and awful,
 Which ev'n to name would be unlawful.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and
 curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they
 cleekit,

Till ilka carlin 2) swat 3) and reekit, 4)
 And cast her duddies 5) to the wark, 6)
 And linket 7) at it in her sark ! 8)

1.) *Heft*, haft. 2) *Carlin*, a stout old woman. 3) *Swat*, sweated. 4) *Reekit*, smoked. 5) *Duddies*, clothes. 6) *Wark*, work. 7) *Linket*, danced. 8) *Sark*, a shift.

Now Tam, O Tam! had these been
queans, 1)

All plump and strapping in their teens,
Their sarks, instead of greasy flannen, 2)
Been snow-white seventeen hundred
linnen!

Thir breeks 3) of mine, my only pair,
That once were plush, of good blue
hair,

I would have given them off my hurdies,
For one blink 4) of the bonny burdies! 5)

But wither'd beldams, old and droll,
Rigwoody hags would wean a foal,
Lowping 6) and flinging on a crummock, 7)
I wonder did not turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend 8) what was what
fu' brawlie, 9)

1) *Queans*, lasses. 2) *Flannen*, flannel. 3) *Thir breeks*, these breeches. 4) *Blink*, look. 5) *Burdies*, creatures. 6) *Lowping*, jumping. 7) *Crummock*, a crutch. 8) *Kend*, knew. 9) *Brawlie*, very well.

There was a winsome 1) wench and
waylie, 2)

That night enlisted in the core, 3)
(Long after kend on Carrick shore;
For many a beast to death she shot,
And perish'd many a bonny boat,
And shook both meikle corn and bear, 4)
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, 5) o' Paisley harn, 6)
That while a lassie 7) she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie. 8)—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, 9)
That sark she coft 10) for her weeNannie,
With two pound Scots 11) ('twas all her
riches),

- 1) *Winsome*, buxom. 2) *Wawlie*,
comely. 3) *Core*, corps. 4) *Bear*,
barley. 5) *Cutty sark*, short shift.
6) *Harn*, a sort of cloth. 7) *Lassie*,
a little girl. 8) *Vauntie*, proud. 9)
Grannie, grandmother. 10) *Coft*,
spun. 11) *Scots*, Scottish.

Would ever grace a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing must
cour ; 1)

Such flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, 2)
(A souple 3) jade she was and strang 4),
And how Tam stood, like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very eyes enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu'
fain, 5)

And hotch'd and blew with might and
main :

Till first one caper, then anither, 6)
Tam tint 7) his reason all togither, 8)
And roars out, " Well done, Cutty-
sark !"

1) *Cour*, lower. 2) *Lap and flang*,
jumped and flung. 3) *Souple*, supple.
4) *Strang*, strong. 5) *Fidg'd fu' fain*,
became very restless. 6) *Anither*,
another. 7) *Tint*, lost. 8) *togither*,
entirely.

And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees buzz out with angry fyke, 1)
 When plundering herds 2) assail their
 byke; 3)

As open pussie's 4) mortal foes,
 When pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds
 aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 With many an eldritch 5) screech and
 hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get
 thy fairing !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herring !

1) *Fyke*, mood. 2) *Herds*, shepherds.
 3) *Byke*, a beehive. 4) *Pussie*,
 a hare. 5) *Eldritch*, frightful.

In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming!
 Kate soon will be a woful woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stone * of the brig; 1)
 There at them thou thy tail mayst toss,
 A running stream they dare not cross.
 But ere the key-stone she could make,
 The fiend a tail 2) she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam with furious ettle; 3)
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

1) *Brig*, bridge. 2) *The fiend a tail*, fiend is a petty oath, as, "the devil a tail." 3) *Ettle*, zeal.

One spring 1) brought off her master
hale, 2)

But left behind her own gray tail :
The carlin caught her by the rump ,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, who this tale of truth shall read,
Each man and mother's son, take heed :
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd ,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind ,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, 3)
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

1) *One spring*, one jump. 2) *Hale*,
whole. 3) *O'er dear*, too dear.

No. XXXIV.

THE WITCHES' SONG.

BEN JONSON.

“From the Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2d, 1609.”

1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the
south,

I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dogs' foams, and adders' ears;
The spurging of a deadman's eyes:
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake
groan;

And pluck'd him up, though he grew
full low :

And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I have been chusing out this skul
From charnelhouses that were full ;
From private grots, and public pits ;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creep
By day ; and, when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the
nose.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow the wind i' the tail.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains ;
The sun and the wind had shrunk his
veins :

I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his hair ;
I brought off his rags, that danced in the
air.

8 WITCH.

The screechowl's eggs and the feathers
black ,

The blood of the frog , and the bone
in his back

I have been getting ; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I have been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock , henbane , adders-tongue ,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbards-bane ;
And twice by the dogs was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd
the ditch :

Yet went I back to the house again ,
Kill'd the black cat, and here is the brain.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall,

I charmed him out, and he came at my
call;

I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before :
I tore the bat's wing : what would you
have more ?

DAME.

Yes : I have brought, to help your vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's
skin :

And now our orgies let's begin.

No. XXXV.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST
GLOVER.

“This was a Party Song, written by the ingenious Author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726. that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto-Bello; but being employed rather to overawe than

to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagená, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollet, compared with that of other less partial writers."

As near Porto-Bello lying,
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight, with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode;

There, while Vernon sate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shout victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding sheets they wore,
And with looks, by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,

* Admiral Vernon's ship.

With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

—“Heed, oh heed our fatal story,

“I am Hosier’s injured ghost ;

“You, who now have purchased glory,

“At this place where I was lost !

“Though in Porto-Bello’s ruin,

“You now triumph, free from fears,

“When you think on our undoing,

“You will mix your joy with tears.

“See these mournful spectres sweeping

“Ghastly o’er this hated wave,

“Whose wan cheeks are stain’d with
weeping ;

“These were English captains brave.

“Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,

“Those were once my sailors bold :

“Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,

“While, his dismal tale is told !

“I, by twenty sail attended ,

“ Did this Spanish town affright ;
 “ Nothing then its wealth defended ,
 “ But my orders not to fight.
 “ Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
 “ I had cast them with disdain ,
 “ And obey’d my heart’s warm motion
 “ To have quell’d the pride of Spain !

“ For resistance I could fear none ,
 “ But with twenty ships had done
 “ What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 “ Hast achiev’d with six alone.
 “ Then the bastimentos never
 “ Had our foul dishonor seen ,
 “ Nor the sea the sad receiver
 “ Of this gallant train had been.

“ Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 “ And her galleons leading home,
 “ Thou condemn’d for disobeying,
 “ I had met a traitor’s doom ;
 “ To have fallen, my country crying
 “ He has play’d an English part ,

“ Had been better far than dying
 “ Of a grieved and broken heart.

“ Unrepining at thy glory,
 “ Thy successful arms we hail;
 “ But remember our sad story,
 “ And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail.
 “ Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 “ Think what thousands fell in vain,
 “ Wasted with disease and anguish,
 “ Not in glorious battle slain.

“ Hence with all my train attending
 “ From their oozy tombs below;
 “ Through the hoary foam ascending,
 “ Here I feed my constant woe:
 “ Here, the bastimentos viewing,
 “ We recal our shameful doom,
 “ And, our plaintive cries renewing,
 “ Wander through the midnight gloom.

“ O’er these waves for ever mourning
 “ Shall we roam, deprived of rest,

“If, to Britain’s shores returning,

“You neglect my just request;

“After this proud foe subduing,

“When your patriot friends you see,

“Think on vengeance for my ruin,

“And for England shamed in me.”—

No. XXXVI.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR,

OR

THE WATER FIENDS.

G. COLMAN, JUN.

ON a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath frequenting
grouse,

There stood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the owl, cried—"whoo!
whoo! whoo!"—

Or the hoarse crow, croak'd "caw!—
caw! caw!"—

Neglected mansion! for 'tis said,

Had none remain'd, save only she;
She by herself had been, if one
Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear
hue

Was tinged with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry, — “ Delve, delve
the hole !

“And prune the tree, and trim the
root!

“And stick the wig upon the pole,
“To scare the sparrows from the
fruit!”—

A small mute favorite by day
Follow'd his steps ; where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man! the brute creation see,
Thy constancy oft need to spur!
While lessons of fidelity,
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and
strong,
While Bob-tail in his face would
look,
And mark'd his master troll the song,
—“Sweet Molly Dumpling! O, thou
Cook!”

For thus he sung: while Cupid smiled,
Pleased that the Gard'ner own'd his
dart;
Which pruned his passions, running wild,
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with
shame;

When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds
burn,

A cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she;

Though pure as heaven's snowy flake;
Both loved; and though a Gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure;

The mansion's crazy wainscots crack,
The sun had sunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,

The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas gard'ner could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,

But ah! no foot is heard to stir;
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

All, all was solitude around ;
The candle shed a feeble ray ,
Though a large mould of four to the
pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew ,
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole ;
When , lo ! a coffin out there flew ,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd ;
A certain sign that fate will frown ;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, chick'd,
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong, and strong, her terrors rose,
Her shadow did the maid appal ;
She trembled at her lovely nose ,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold ,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;
 And—"o'er the one half world seem'd
 dead;"—

No—"curtain'd sleep,"—had she; be-
 cause

She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay; with iron din,
 The clock struck twelve, the door
 flew wide,

When Thomas grimly glided in,
 With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall like the poplar was his size,
 Green, green his waistcoat was, as
 leeks;

Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,
 And pale as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
 The fear-struck damsel, faintly said,
 —"What would my Thomas?"—he re-
 plied,

—"Oh! Molly Dumpling, I am dead!

“All in the flower of youth I fell,
 “Cut off with healthful blossom
 crown’d;

“I was not ill, but in a well,
 “I tumbled backwards, and was
 drown’d.

“Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
 “His faithful dog his fate doth share;
 “We’re fiends; this is not he and I,
 “We are not here, for we are there.

“Yes! two foul water-fiends are we;
 “Maid of the Moor, attend us now!
 “Thy hour’s at hand, we come for
 thee!”—

The little fiend-cur said,—“bow!
 wow!”—

“To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
 “A Holland sheet a maiden likes,
 “A sheet of water, thou shalt have;
 “Such sheets there are in Holland
 dykes.”—

The fiends approach; the Maid did shrink,
Swift through the night's foul air
they spin,
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
Maids, to this day day, their story tell,
And hence the proverb rose, that truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

No. XXXVII.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

MALLET.

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;

Vol. II.

M

The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;—
She died before her time.

—“Awake!” she cried, “thy true love
calls,

“Come from her midnight grave;
“Now let thy pity hear the maid
“Thy love refused to save.

“This is the dark and dreary hour,
“When injured ghosts complain;
“Now yawning graves give up their
dead,
“To haunt the faithless swain.

“Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
“Thy pledge, and broken oath;
“And give me back my maiden vow,
“And give me back my troth.

“ Why did you promise love to me,
 “ And not that promise keep?
 “ Why did you swear mine eyes were
 bright,
 “ Yet leave those eyes to weep?

“ How could you say my face was fair,
 “ And yet that face forsake?
 “ How could you win my virgin heart,
 “ Yet leave that heart to break?

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet,
 “ And made the scarlet pale?
 “ And why did I, young witless maid,
 “ Believe the flattering tale?

“ That face, alas! no more is fair;
 “ These lips no longer red:
 “ Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
 “ And every charm is fled.

“ The hungry worm my sister is;
 “ This winding sheet I wear:

“And cold and weary lasts our night,
“Till that last morn appear.

“But hark! the cock has warn’d me
hence!

“A long and last adieu!

“Come see, false man, how low she lies
“Who died for love of you.”—

The lark sung loud, the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret’s body lay;
And stretch’d him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call’d on Margaret’s name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

No. XXXVIII.

THE HERMIT.

PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit
grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble
cell ,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal
well :
Remote from men, with God he pass'd
the days ,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion
rose :
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice
obey ,

This sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway :

His hopes no more a certain prospect
boast ,

And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
So , when a smooth expanse receives
impress'd

Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
grow ,

And skies beneath with answering colors
glow :

But if a stone the gentle sea divide ,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken
sun ,

Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world
by sight ,

To find if books , or swains , report it
right ,

(For yet by swains alone the world he
knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the
nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he
bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless
grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild
to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd
the day,
A Youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his
hair.
Then near approaching,—“Father, hail!”
he cried;
And—“Hail, my Son,”—the reverend
sire replied;

Words follow'd words, from question
answer flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceived the
road ;

Till each with other pleased, and loath
to part,

While in their age they differ, join in
heart :

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour
of day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober
gray ;

Nature in silence bid the world repose ;

When near the road a stately palace rose

There, by the moon, through ranks of
trees they pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping
sides of grass.

It chanced, the noble master of the dome

Still made his house the wandering
stranger's home :

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of
praise,

Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive : the liveried servants
wait ;

Their lord receives them at the pompous
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil
they drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps
of down.

At length 'tis morn ; and at the dawn
of day ,

Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play ;

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes
creep,

- And shake the neighbouring wood, to
banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :

An early banquet deck'd the splendid
hall;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests
to taste.

Then pleased, and thankful, from the
porch they go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause
of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks
with fear;

So seem'd the sire; when, far upon the
road,

The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with
trembling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not
ask, to part:

Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks
it hard,

That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his
glory shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable
clouds:

A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert, scud across the
plain.

Warn'd by the signs, the wandering
pair retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat:
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising
ground,

And strong, and large, and unimproved
around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they
drew,

Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning, mix'd with
show'rs, began,
And o'er their heads, loud-rolling thunder
ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call
in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by
the rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's
breast,

(’Twas then his threshold first received a
guest,)

Slow creaking turns the door, with
jealous care,

And half he welcomes in, the shivering
pair;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor, through their limbs
recals :

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager
wine.

Each hardly granted , served them both
to dine ;

And when the tempest first appear'd to
cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark, the pond'ring
Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself
he cried,
Lock the lost wealth, a thousand want
beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon
took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest, the young com-
panion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd
before,
And paid profusely with the precious
bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish
soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves
 display,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer
 the day;

The weather courts them from the poor
 retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's
 bosom wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;

His partner's acts, without their cause,
 appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a mad-
 ness here:

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,

Lost and confounded with the various
 shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve
 the sky,

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion
neat,

And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of
mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue
kind.

Hither the walkers turn, with weary
feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master
greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest
guise ,
The courteous master hears, and thus
replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging
heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part :

From Him you come, for Him accept
it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly
cheer.

He spoke, and bid the welcome table
spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his
hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours
with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm
repose,
Was strong for toil: the dappled morn
arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger
crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant
slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's
little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd,
and died,

Horror of horrors ! what, his only son !
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact
 was done !

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in
 sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault
 his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at
 the deed,
 He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly
 with speed.

His steps the Youth pursues : the country
 lay

Perplex'd with roads : a servant shew'd
 the way :

A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod
 before ;

Long arms of oaks an open bridge sup-
 plied,

And deep the waves, beneath the bending,
 glide.

The Youth, who seem'd to watch a
time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust
him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his
head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among
the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the
Father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly
cries :
—"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his
speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no
longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely
sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon
his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his
hair ;

Celestial odors breathe through purpled
air;

And wings, whose colors glitter'd on
the day,

Wide at his back their gradual plumes
display.

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's
passion grew,

Sudden he gazed, and wist not what
to do;

Surprise in secret chains his words
suspends,

And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel
broke,

The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:

—“Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life,
to vice unknown,

“In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

“There charm, success in our bright
region find,

“And force an Angel down, to calm
thy mind;

“For this, commission’d, I forsook the
sky,

“Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-ser-
vant I.

“Then know the truth of government
divine,

“And let these scruples be no longer
thine:

“The Maker justly claims that world
he made,

“In this the right of Providence is laid;

“Its sacred majesty through all depends,

“On using second means to work his
ends:

“’Tis thus, withdrawn in state from
human eye,

“The Power exerts his attributes on high;

“ Your actions uses , nor controls your
will,

“ And bids the doubting sons of men
be still.

“ What strange events can strike with
more surprise,

“ Than those which lately struck thy
wandering eyes?

“ Yet, taught by these, confess the
Almighty just,

“ And where you can't unriddle, learn
to trust.

“ The great, vain man, who fared
on costly food,

“ Whose life was too luxurious to be
good;

“ Who made his ivory stands, with
goblets shine,

“ And forced his guests to morning
draughts of wine,

“ Has, with the cup, the graceless
custom lost,

“ And still he welcomes, but with less
of cost.

“ The mean, suspicious wretch, whose
bolted door

“ Ne’er moved in duty to the wandering
poor ;

“ With him I left the cup, to teach his
mind

“ That Heaven can bless, if mortals
will be kind.

“ Conscious of wanting worth, he views
the bowl ,

“ And feels compassion touch his grateful
soul.

“ Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,

“ With heaping coals of fire upon its
head ;

“ In the kind warmth the metal learns
to glow ,

“ And , loose from dross, the silver
runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue
trod ,

“But now the child half wean’d his
heart from God ;

“Child of his age, for him he lived
in pain,

“And measured back his steps to earth
again.

“To what excesses had his dotage run !

“But God, to save the father, took
the son.

“To all but thee, in fits he seem’d to go,

“And ’twas my ministry to deal the
blow :

“The poor fond parent, humbled in
the dust,

“Now owns, in tears, the punishment
was just.

“But how had all his fortune felt a
wrack ,

“Had that false servant sped in safety
back ;

“This night his treasured heaps he
meant to steal,

“And what a fund of charity would fail!

“Thus Heaven instructs thy mind:
this trial o’er,

“Depart in peace, resign, and sin no
more.”—

On sounding pinions here the youth
withdrew,

The Sage stood wondering as the Seraph
flew.

Thus look’d Elisha, when, to mount
on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The Prophet gazed, and wish’d to
follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer
begun,

—“*Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy
will be done.*”—

Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient
place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

No. XXXIX.EDWIN OF THE GREEN.
PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shaped he'd been.

His mountain back might well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,

Could ladies look within ;
 But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art ,
 And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song ,)
 With slighted passion paced along
 All in the moony light ;
 'Twas near an old enchanted court,
 Where sportive fairies made resort,
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
 With weary steps he quits the shades,
 Resolved, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
 When hollow winds remove the door,
 And trembling rocks the ground :
 And (well I ween , to count aright,)

At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approach him near,
And now the sounds increase;
And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gazed, a gallant dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,

With awful accent cried;
—"What mortal of a wretched mind,
"Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
"Has here presumed to hide?"—

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art control,

Advanced in open sight:

—"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,

"Who view (by no presumption led,)

"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,

"Which made my steps unweeting rove

"Amid the nightly dew."—

—" 'Tis well," the gallant cries again,

"We fairies never injure men

"Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,

"Be mine the task, or ere we part,

"To make thee grief resign;

"Now take the pleasure of thy chance;

"Whilst I with Mab, my partner, dance,

"Be Little Mable thine."—

He spoke, and all a sudden there

Light music floats in wanton air;

The Monarch leads the Queen :
The rest their fairy partners found ,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dancing past , the board was laid ,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire ;
Without the hands the dishes fly ,
The glasses with a wish come nigh ,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the Fairy King ,
Full every deal they laugh and sing ,
And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape ,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last , that Robin hight ,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night ,
Has bent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung ,

Where by the back the youth he hung,
To sprawl beneath the roof.

From thence,—"Reverse my charm,"
he cries,

"And let it fairly now suffice,

"The gambol has been shown."—

But Oberon answers with a smile,

—"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,

"The vantage is thine own."—

Here ended all the phantom play;

They smelt the fresh approach of day,

And heard a cock to crow;

The whirling wind that bore the crowd

Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,

To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once, they fly,

And all at once the tapers die;

Poor Edwin falls to floor;

Forlorn his state, and dark the place,

Was never wight in such a case,

Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature, home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind,
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty liveliness he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz moved,
(The youth of Edith erst approved,)
To see the revel scene.
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And goes to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,

A shaking seized the wall:
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elfin show,—

His spirits in him die:
 When Oberon cries,—“a man is near,
 “A mortal passion, cleped fear,
 “Hangs flagging in the sky.”—

With that Sir Topaz, (hapless youth!)
 In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
 Entreats them pity grant;
 For as he been a mister wight,
 Betray'd by wandering in the night,
 To tread the circled haunt;

—“Ah, Losell vile!” at once they roar,
 “And little skill'd of fairy lore,
 “Thy cause to come, we know:
 “Now has thy kestrell courage fell;

“And Fairies, since a lie you tell,
 “Are free to work thee woe.”—

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung;
 There, like a tortoise in a shop,
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deafly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat:
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the Knight:
 For never spell by fairy laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adread, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,

Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost before.

This tale a Sybil-nurse arod;
She softly stroked my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
—"Thus some are born, my son," she
cries,

"With base impediments to rise,
"And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance

"To what the favorite fools of chance

"By fortune seem'd design'd;

"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,

"And from itself shake off the weight

"Upon th' unworthy mind."—

No. XL.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

DRYDEN.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna
stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and
arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous
hearts.
But Theodore the Brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honor
held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness loved
a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name:

Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
 Proud of her birth (for equal she had
 none);

The rest she scorn'd, but hated him
 alone.

His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing
 gain'd;

For she, the more he loved, the more
 disdain'd.

He lived with all the pomp he could
 devise,

At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the
 prize;

But found no favor in his lady's eyes:

Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid

Turn'd all to poison that he did, or said:

Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd

vows, could move;

The work went backward; and the more

he strove

T' advance his suit, the farther from

her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting
remedy,

He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.

But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,

For who would die, to gratify a foe?

His generous mind disdain'd so mean

a fate;

That pass'd, his next endeavour was

to hate.

But vainer that relief than all the rest,

The less he hoped, with more desire

possess'd;

Love stood the siege, and would not

yield his breast.

Change was the next, but change

deceived his care;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.

He would have worn her out by slow

degrees,

As men by fasting starve th' untamed

disease:

But present love required a present ease.

Looking, he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,

Feeds lingering death, but looking not
he dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him
in vain,

For what advice can ease a lover's pain !
Absence, the best expedient they could
find,

Might save the fortune, if not cure the
mind :

This means they long proposed, but
little gain'd,

Yet, after much pursuit, at length
obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was to give
consent,

But, struggling with his own desires,
he went,

With large expence, and with a pompous
train,

Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and
 cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could
 retreat;

His travels ended at his country seat:
To Chassi's pleasing plains he took
his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolved
to stay.

The spring was in the prime; the
neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of
love:

Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares
by night:

There he discharged his friends; but
not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnifi-
cence.

But wherefore set upon a saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy?

There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;
Good Betty! put him down again;
His lips with joy they burr at you,
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

The world will say 'tis very idle,
Bethink you of the time of night;
Tere's not a mother, no not one,
But when she hears what you have done,
Oh! Betty she'll be in a fright.

But Betty's bent on her intent,
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress:

Old Susan lies a bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale,
What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her pony, that is mild and good,
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,
And by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has up upon the saddle set,
The like was never heard of yet,
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy.

And he must post without delay

Across the bridge that's in the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There's no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand,
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a hurly-burly now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The boy who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
"Come home again, nor stop at all,
"Come home again, whate'er befall,
"My Johnny do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,

Both with his head, and with his hand,
And proudly shook the bridle too,
And then! his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
She gently pats the pony's side,
On which her idiot boy must ride,
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,
Oh! then for the poor idiot boy!
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs,
In Johnny's left-hand you may see,
The green bough's motionless and dead;
The moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,

Not far behind, a Knight of swarthy
 face,
 High on a coal-back steed pursued the
 chase;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes
 were fill'd,
 And in his hand a naked sword he held;
 He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action roused his manly mind;
 Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarm'd, resolved to give
 her aid.

A sapling pine he wrench'd from out
 the ground,
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.
 Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd
 the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The Knight came thundering on,
 but, from afar,

Thus in imperious tone forbad the war :

—“Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain
relief,

“Nor stop the vengeance of so just a
grief;

“But give me leave to seize my des-
tined prey,

“And let eternal justice take the way,

“I but revenge my fate, disdain’d :
betray’d,

“And suffering death for this ungrateful
maid.”—

He said, at once dismounting from
the steed;

For now the hell-hounds with superior
speed

Had reach’d the Dame, and, fastening
on her side,

The ground with issuing streams of
purple died;

Stood Theodore surprised, in deadly
fright,

With chattering teeth, and bristling
hair upright;

Yet arm'd with inborn worth,—“What-
e'er,” said he,

“Thou art, who know'st me better
than I thee;

“Or prove thy rightful cause, or be
defied;”—

The Spectre fiercely staring, thus replied :

—“Know, Theodore, thy ancestry
I claim,

“And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.

“One common sire our fathers did beget,

“My name and story some remember yet :

“Thee, then a boy, within mine arms
I laid,

“When, for my sins, I loved this
haughty maid;

“Not less adored in life, nor served by me,

“Than proud Honoria now is loved
by thee.

“What did I not, her stubborn heart
to gain?

“ But all my vows were answer’d with
disdain ;

“ She scorn’d my sorrows, and despised
my pain.

“ Long time I dragg’d my days in fruit-
less care :

“ Then , loathing life , and plunged in
deep despair ,

“ To finish my unhappy life , I fell

“ On this sharp sword , and now am
damn’d in hell.

“ Short was her joy ; for soon th’ in-
sulting maid

“ By Heaven’s decree in this cold grave
was laid.

“ And as in unrepented sin she died ,

“ Doom’d to the same bad place , is
punish’d for her pride :

“ Because she deem’d I well deserved
to die ,

“ And made a merit of he cruelty.

“ There , then , we met ; both tried ,
and both were cast ,

“ And this irrevocable sentence pass’d :—

“ That she, whom I so long pursued
in vain,

“ Should suffer from my hands a lingering
pain :

“ Renew’d to life that she might daily die,

“ I daily doom’d to follow, she to fly ;

“ No more a lover, but a mortal foe ,

“ I seek her life (for love is none below):

“ As o ften as my dogs with better speed

“ Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:

“ Then with this fatal sword, on which
I died ,

“ I pierce her open back, or tender side,

“ And tear that harden’d heart from out
her breast ,

“ Which, with her entrails, makes my
hungry hounds a feast.

“ Nor lies she long, but, as her fates
ordain,

“ Springs up to life, and fresh to second
pain ,

“Is saved to day, to-morrow to be
slain.”—

This, versed in death, th’ infernal
Knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill’d the common
fates ;
Her heart and bowels through her back
he drew,
And fed the hounds that help’d him
to pursue ;
Stern look’d the Fiend, as frustrate of
his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul expiring through the
wound,
Had left the body breathless on the
ground,
When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again:
—“Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :
“As many months as I sustain’d her hate,
“So many years is she condemn’d by fate
“To daily death ; and every several place,

“ Conscious of her disdain, and my
disgrace,

“ Must witness her just punishment,
and be

“ A scene of triumph and revenge to me!

“ As in this grove I took my last farewell,

“ As on this very spot of earth I fell,

“ As Friday saw me die, so she my prey

“ Becomes e’en here on this revolving
day.”—

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin
from the ground

Upstarted fresh, already closed the
wound,

And, unconcern’d for all she felt before,

Precipitates her flight along the shore:

The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh

and blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted

food:

The Fiend remounts his courser, mends

his pace,

And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd
with awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he
saw,

Surpassing common faith, transgressing
nature's law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd
to wake,

But dreams, he knew, no long impres-
sion make,

Though strong at first; if vision, to what
end,

But such as must his future state portend?

His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.

But yet reflecting, that it could not be

From heaven, which cannot impious
acts decree,

Resolved within himself to shun the snare,

Which hell for his destruction did
prepare;

And, as his better genius should direct,

From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspired from heaven, he homeward
 took his way,
 Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
 But of his train a trusty servant sent
 To call his friends together at his tent.
 They came; and usual salutations paid,
 With words premeditated thus he said:
 —“What you have often counsel'd, to
 remove

“My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
 “By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 “Though late, yet is at last become
 my care:

“My heart shall be my own; my vast
 expence

“Reduced to bounds by timely pro-
 vidence;

“This only I require; invite for me

“Honor, with her father's family,

“Her friends, and mine; the cause I
 shall display,

“On Friday next, for that's th' appoint-
 ed day.”—

Well pleased were all his friends, the
task was light,

The father, mother, daughter, they
invite;

Hardly the Dame was drawn to this
repast;

But yet resolved, because it was the last.

The day was come, the guests invited
came,

And, with the rest th' inexorable Dame :

A feast prepared with riotous expence,

Much cost, more care, and most mag-
nificence.

The place ordain'd was in that haunted
grove,

Where the revenging ghost pursued his
love :

The tables in a proud pavilion spread,

With flowers below, and tissue overhead :

The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,

Was artfully contrived to set her face

To front the thicket, and behold the chase.

The feast was served, the time so well

forecast ,

That just when the desert and fruits
were placed,
The Fiend's alarm began; the hollow
sound
Sung in the leavens, the forest shook
around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd
the ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled
cries;

And first the Dame came rushing through
the wood,

And next the famish'd hounds that
sought their food,

And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd
their jaws in blood.

Last came the Felon on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urged
his dogs to speed.

She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent,
(A guest unbidden,) to the fatal tent,

The scene of death, and place ordain'd
for punishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every
guest,

The women shriek'd, the men forsook
the feast;

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely
bay'd;

The hunter close pursued the visionary
maid,

She rent the heaven with loud laments,
imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the Lady's
right,

Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly
Sprite;

High on his stirrups he provoked the
fight;

Then on the crowd he cast a furious
look,

And wither'd all their strength before
he spoke:

—“Back on your lives; let be,” said
 he, “my prey,
 “And let my vengeance take the destined
 way :

“Vain are your arms, and vainer your
 defence ,

“Against th’eternal doom of Providence :

“Mine is th’ungrateful maid by Heaven
 design’d :

“Mercy she would not give, nor mercy
 shall she find.”

At this the former tale again he told :

With thundering tone, and dreadful
 to behold :

Sunk were their hearts with horror of
 the crime,

Nor needed to be warn’d a second time,

But bore each other back ; some knew
 the face ,

And all had heard the much lamented case

Of him who fell for love, and this the
 fatal place.

And now th'infernal minister advanced,
 Seized the due victim, and with fury
 launch'd
 Her back, and, piercing through her
 inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, th'offending
 part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other stared
 With gaping mouths, for issuing words
 prepared;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate
 hung,
 And died imperfect on the faltering
 tongue.
 The fright was general; but the female
 band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
 With horror shuddering, in a heap they
 run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
 For conscience rung th'alarm, and made
 the case their own.

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and
all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd
th' event,

And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful
kind,

And the same fate to the same sin
assign'd.

Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn
away.

'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd
with fear:

Still on the table lay th' unfinis'h cheer :
The Knight and hungry mastips stood
around,

The mangled Dame lay breathless on
the ground;

When, on a sudden, re-inspired with
 breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death;
 Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter
 staid,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
 Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging
 sword,
 And mounting light as air, his sable
 steed he spurr'd:
 The clouds dispell'd, the sky resumed
 her light,
 And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on every mind.
 Nor Theodore encouraged more the feast,
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his
 breast
 Some deep designs, which, when Honoria
 view'd,
 The fresh impulse her former fright
 renew'd;
 She thought herself the trembling dame
 who fled,

And him the grisly ghost that spur'd
th' infernal steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests
withdrew,

Their courteous host, saluting all the
crew,

Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor graced
with kind adieu;

That sting infix'd within her haughty
mind,

The downfal of her empire she divined;

And her proud heart with secret sorrow
pined.

Home as they went the sad discourse
renew'd

Of the relentless dame to death pursued,

And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.

None durst arraign the righteous doom

she bore,

E'en they who pitied most, yet blamed

her more :

The parallel they needed not to name,

But in the dead they damn'd the living
dame.

At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her
mind ;

And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came
thundering for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral
feast :

Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept
again ;

The same black vapors mounted in her
brain,

And the same dreams return'd with
double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid
to sleep,

Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in
her mind,

And fear'd, at every step, a twitching
sprite behind.

Darkling and desperate, with a staggering
pace,

Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;

Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart
assail'd,

Pride put remorse to flight, but fear
prevail'd.

Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the Fiend would
change his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt
her o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her
mind,

That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all father hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past
expression lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd :
 Of all the men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd :
 Why not of her ? preferr'd above the rest
 By him with knightly deeds, and open
 love profess'd ?

So had another been, where he his
 vows address'd.

This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts
 remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be
 disdain'd.

The fear was just, but greater fear
 prevail'd,

Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd ;
 He took a lowering leave ; but who
 can tell,

What outward hate might inward love
 conceal ?

Her sex's art she knew ; and why not,
 then,

Might deep dissembling have a place
 in men ?

Here hope began to dawn ; resolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmost remedy ;
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight, a shrub was all,
 That kindly stood betwixt to break
 the fatal fall.

One maid she had, beloved above
 the rest ;
 Secure of her, the secret she confess'd ;
 And now the cheerful light her fears
 dispell'd ,
 She with no winding turns the truth
 conceal'd ,
 But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd :
 With faults confess'd, commission'd her
 to go ,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her
 foe ;
 The welcome message made, was soon
 received ;

'T was to be wish'd and hoped, but
scarce believed ;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present ;

He knew the sex, and fear'd she might
repent,

Should he delay the moment of consent.

There yet remain'd to gain her friends
(a care

The modesty of maidens well might
spare);

But she with such a zeal the cause em-
braced

(As woman, where they will, are all
in haste) ;

The father, mother, and the kin beside,

Were overborn by fury of the tide ;

With full consent of all, she changed
her state ;

Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware ;

More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;

And that one hunting, which the Devil
design'd

For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

No. XLI.

DREAMS.

DRYDEN.

*From the Tale of "The Cock and
the Fox."*

Two friends or brothers, with devout
intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that, when the sun was
down,
They just arrived by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on
ground,
And but one sorry bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay
alone.

So were they forced to part; one
 stay'd behind,
 His fellow sought what lodging he could
 find:

At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
 And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
 'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
 But, for his ease, well litter'd was the
 floor.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had
 kept,
 Was weary, and without a rocker slept:
 Supine he snored; but in the dead of
 night,
 He dreamt his friend appear'd before
 his sight,
 Who, with his ghastly look, and doleful
 cry,

Said,—“Help me, brother, or this night
 I die:

“Arise and help, before all help be vain,
 “Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.”—

Roused from his rest, he waken'd in
a start,

Shivering with horror, and with aking
heart;

At length to cure himself by reason tries;
—“’Tis but a dream, and what are
dreams but lies?”—

So thinking, changed his side, and closed
his eyes.

His dream returns; his friend appears
again:

—“The murderers come; now help,
or I am slain:”—

’Twas but a vision still, and visions
are but vain.

He dreamt the third: but now his friend
appear’d

Pale, naked, pierced with wounds, with
blood besmear’d:

Thrice warn’d,—“Awake,” said he,
“relief is late,

“The deed is done; but thou revenge
my fate:

“Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
 “Awake, and with the dawning day arise:
 “Take to the western gate thy ready way,
 “For by that passage they my corpse
 convey:

“My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
 “The filth and ordure, and inclosed
 with dung;

“That cart arrest, and raise a common
 cry;

“For sacred hunger of my gold, I die:”—
 Then shew'd his grisly wound; and
 last he drew

A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.
 The frightened friend arose by break of
 day,

And found the stall where late his
 fellow lay.

Then of his impious host inquiring more,
 Was answer'd that his guest was gone
 before:

—“Muttering, he went,” said he, “by
 morning light,

“And much complain’d of his ill rest
by night.”—

This raised suspicion in the pilgrim’s
mind ;

Because all host are of an evil kind ;

And oft, to share the spoils, with robbers
join’d.

His dream confirm’d his thought ; with
troubled look ,

Straight to the western gate his way he
took ;

There , as his dream foretold , a cart
he found ,

That carried compost forth to dung the
ground.

This, when the pilgrim saw, he stretch’d
his throat ,

And cried out—“murder !”—with a yell-
ing note.

My murder’d fellow in this cart lies
dead ,

Vengeance and justice on the villain’s
head.

Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call, to punish this offence.

The word thus given, within a little
space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd
the place;

All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body
found;

Though breathless, warm, and reeking,
from the wound.

Good heaven, whose darling attribute,
we find,

Is boundless grace, and mercy to man-
kind,

Abhors the cruel: and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels:
The hue and cry of heaven pursues
him at the heels.

Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,
The criminals are seized upon the place :
Carter and host confronted face to face,
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints ,
On engines they distend their tortured
 joints :

So was confession forced, th' offence was
known,
And public justice on th' offenders done.

—“Here may you see, that visions
are to dread;
“And, in the page that follows this,
I read,”—

—Of two young merchants, whom
the hope of gain
Induced in partnership to cross the main :
Waiting till willing winds their sails
supplied ,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side ;
One evening it befel, that, looking out,

The wind they long had wish'd was
come about :

Well pleased they went to rest ; and
if the gale

Till morn continued, both resolved to
sail.

But, as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man, he thought, stood frowning
at his side ;

Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
—"I come, thy genius, to command
thy stay :

"Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
"And death, unhop'd, attends the
watery way."—

The vision said : and vanis'd from
his sight :

The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright :
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and
declared

What, in his slumber, he had seen
and heard ;

His friend smiled scornful, and with
proud contempt

Rejects, as idle, what his fellow dreamt.

—“ Stay, who will stay ; for me no
fears restrain,

“ Who follow Mercury, the god of gain ;

“ Let each man do as to his fancy seems,

“ I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.

“ Dreams are but interludes which fancy
makes ;

“ When monarch reason sleeps, this
mimic wakes :

“ Compounds a medley of disjointed
things,

“ A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings :

“ Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes
are sad :

“ Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;

“ And many monstrous forms in sleep
we see,

“That neither were, nor are, nor e’er
can be.

“Sometimes forgotten things, long cast
behind,

“Rush forward in the brain, and come
to mind.

“The nurse’s legends are for truths
received,

“And the man dreams but what the
boy believed.

“Sometimes we but rehearse a former
play,

“The night restores our actions done
by day;

“As hounds in sleep will open for their
prey.

“In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,

“Chimeras all, and more absurd or less :

“You, who believe in tales, abide alone ;

“Whate’er I get this voyage is my
own.”—

“Not thine a race of mortal blood,
 “Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line;
 “Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
 “Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”—

He mutter’d thrice St. Oran’s rhyme,
 And thrice St. Fillan’s * powerful
 prayer,
 Then turn’d him to the Eastern clime,
 And sternly shook his coal-black hair:
 And bending o’er his harp, he flung
 His wildest witch-notes on the wind,
 And loud, and high, and strange, thy
 rung,
 As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax’d the Spirit’s altering form,
 Till to the roof her stature grew,

* I know nothing of St. Fillan, but
 that he has given his name to many
 chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland.

Then mingling with the rising storm,
 With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds
 tear,

The slender hut in fragments flew,
 But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
 Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
 Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise,
 High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
 And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
 As ceased the more than mortal yell,
 And spattering foul a shower of blood,
 Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm,
 The fingers strain'd an half-drawn
 blade :

And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
 Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
 Stream'd the proud crest of high
 Benmore;

That arm the broad claymore could wield,
 Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!

Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
 There never son of Albin's hills
 Shall draw the hunter's shaft again!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
 At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
 Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
 The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield
 No more shall we in safety dwell;
 None leads the people to the field—
 And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!

The pride of Albin's line is o'er;

And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree,
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

* The simple tradition upon which the preceding stanzas are founded, runs as follows. While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary bathy (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky; one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the Fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was, from thence, called the Glen of the Green Women.

The deeds that graced him were his
only guard ;
No private views beneath a borrow'd
name ;
His and the public interest were the
same.
In wealth and pleasure let the subject
live ;
But virtue is the king's prerogative :
Porsenna there without a rival stood ,
And would maintain his right of doing
good.
Nor did his person less attraction wear,
Such majesty and sweetness mingled
there ;
Heaven, with uncommon art, the clay
refined ,
A proper mansion for so fair a mind ;
Each look, each action, bore peculiar
grace ,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, though much to peace
inclined ;

Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
 And, lost to glory, loiter'd life away :
 But active rising ere the prime of day,
 Through woods and lonely deserts loved
 to stray ;

With hounds and horns to wake the
 furious bear ,
 Or rouze the tawny lion from his lair ;
 To rid the forest of the savage brood ,
 And whet his courage for his country's
 good.

One day, as he pursued the dangerous
 sport ,
 Attended by the nobles of his court ,
 It chanced, a beast of more than common
 speed ,

Sprang from the brake, and through the
 desert fled.

The ardent Prince, impetuous as the
 wind ,
 Rush'd on , and left his lagging train
 behind.

Fired with the chase, and full of youthful
blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland
wilds, he rode,
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought
the day,
How wasted, nor how intricate the way:
Nor, till the night in dusky clouds
came on,
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself
alone.
Missing his train, he strove to measure
back
The road he came, but could not find
the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
The bugle horn, which o'er his shoulders
hung,
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;
In vain, no voice but Echo from the
ground,
And vocal woods make mockery of the
sound.

And now the gathering clouds began
to spread

O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade;
And the hoarse thunder, growling from
afar,

With herald voice proclaim'd th'ap-
proaching war;

Silence awhile ensued,—then by degrees
A hollow wind came muttering through
the trees.

Sudden the full-fraught sky discharged
its store,

Of rain and rattling hail a mingled shower;
The active lightning ran along the ground;
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around.
And the wide forests trembled at the
sound.

Amazement seized the Prince;—where
could he fly?

No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.
Pensive and unresolved awhile he stood
Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
But, drove from thence, soon sallied
forth again,

As chance directed, on the dreary plain ;
Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
Through many a loathsome bog , and
 thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the
 lake.

Wet with the storm, and wearied with
the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts
a prey ;

Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to
burn,

Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return.
Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
He bade it pass, not worth his farther
care;

When suddenly he spied a distant light,
That faintly twinkled through the gloom
of night,

And his heart leap'd for joy, and bless'd
the welcome sight.

Of times he doubted, it appear'd so far,

And hung so high, 'twas nothing but
a star,

Or kindled vapor wand'ring through the
sky,

But still press'd on his steed, still kept
it in his eye;

Till, much fatigue, and many dangers
past,

At a huge mountain he arrived at last.
There, lighting from his horse, on hands
and knees

Groped out the darksome road by slow
degrees,

Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged
way;

The thunder rolls above, the flames
around him play.

Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy
height,

And found the rift whence sprang the
friendly light.

And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied
feet,

The Lapland witch, when she her
 broom bestrides,
 And scatters storms and tempests as
 she rides.

She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
 Her shrivel'd skin, with yellow spots
 besmear'd,

Like mouldy records seem'd; her eyes
 were blear'd;

Her feeble limbs with age and palsy
 shook;

Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
 From the dark nook outcrept the filthy
 crone,

And, propp'd upon her crutch, came
 tottering on.

The Prince in civil guise approach'd
 the Dame,

Told her his piteous case, and whence
 he came,

And till Aurora should the shades expel,

Implored a lodging in her friendly cell.

—“Mortal, whoe’er thou art,” the Fiend
began,

And, as she spake, a deadly horror ran
Through all his frame: his cheeks the
blood forsook,

Chatter’d his teeth, his knees together
struck.

—“Whoe’er thou art, that with presump-
tion rude

“Darest on our sacred privacy intrude,

“And without licence in our court appear,

“Know, thou’rt the first that ever enter’d
here.

“But since thou plead’st excuse, thou’rt
hither brought

“More by thy fortune than thy own
default,

“Thy crime, though great, an easy
pardon finds,

“For mercy ever dwells in royal minds ;

“And would you learn from whose
indulgent hand

“ You live, and in whose awful presence
stand ,

“ Know farther , through yon wide ex-
tended plains

“ Great Eolus the King of Tempests
reigns ,

“ And in this lofty palace makes abode,

“ Well suited to his state , and worthy
of the God.

“ The various elements his empire own,

“ And pay their humble homage at his
throne ;

“ And hither all the storms and clouds
resort ,

“ Proud to increase the splendor of his
court.

“ His Queen am I , from whom the
beauteous race

“ Of winds arose , sweet fruit of our
embrace !”—

She scarce had ended, when, with wild
uproar

And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour

Around the cave ; came rushing in a main
 Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous
 train ;

And, close behind them, on a whirl-
 wind rode

In clouded majesty, the Blust'ring God.
 Their locks a thousand ways were blown
 about ;

Their cheeks like full blown bladders
 strutted out ;

Their boasting talk was of the feats
 they'd done,

Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'er-
 thrown ;

And, when they kindly turn'd them
 to accost

The Prince, they almost pierced him
 with their frost.

The gaping hag in fix'd attention
 stood,

And at the close of every tale, cried
 —“Good!”—

Blessing with outstretch'd arms each
darling son,

In due proportion to the mischief done,
—"And where," said she, "does little
Zephyr stray?

"Know ye, my sons, your brother's
route to-day?

"In what bold deeds does he his hours
employ?

"Grant heaven no evil has befall'n my
boy!

"Ne'er was he known to linger thus
before."—

Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern
door

Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When, fired with love, he tries his
utmost art

To paint the beauteous tyrant of his
heart.

A satin vest his slender shape confined,

Embroider'd o'er with flowers of every
kind,

Flora's own work, when first the goddess
strove

To win the little wanderer to her love.
Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
Silver his buskins, and with gems
o'erlaid;

A saffron-color'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings, than lillies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd
with gold;

So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
That they for ever danced, and flutter'd
in the wind.

Around his temples, with becoming air,
In-wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his shoulders negligently spread;
A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his
head.

Such his attire; but O! no pen can
trace,

No words can shew the beauties of his
face ;

So kind ! so winning ! so divinely fair !
Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there ;
There all the little Loves and Graces
meet ,

And every thing that's soft, and every
thing that's sweet.

—“Thou vagrant,” cried the Dame
in angry tone ,

“Where could'st thou loiter thus so
long alone ?

“Little thou carest what anxious thoughts
molest ,

“What pangs are laboring in a mother's
breast.

“Well do you shew your duty by
your haste ,

“For thou, of all my sons, art always last ;

“A child less fondled would have fled
more fast.

“Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd
to mourn ,

“Where best they love, the least and
worst return.”—

—“My dear mama!” the gentle youth
replied,
And made a low obeisance, “cease to
chide,
“Nor wound me with your words, for
well you know
“Your Zephyr bears a part in all your
woe;
“How great must be his sorrow then
to learn,
“That he himself’s the cause of your
concern!
“Nor had I loiter’d thus, had I been free,
“But the fair Princess of Felicity
“Entreated me to make some short delay;
“And, ask’d by her, who could refuse
to stay?

“Surrounded by the damsels of her
court,

- “ She sought the shady grove, her loved
resort ;
- “ Fresh rose the grass, the flowers were
mix'd between ,
- “ Like rich embroidery on a ground of
green ,
- “ And in the midst, protected by the
shade ,
- “ A crystal stream in wild meanders
play'd ;
- “ While in its banks, the trembling leaves
among ,
- “ A thousand little birds in concert sung.
- “ Close by a mount, with fragrant
shrubs o'ergrown ,
- “ On a cool mossy couch she laid her
down ;
- “ Her air, her posture, all conspired
to please ;
- “ Her head, upon her snowy arm at ease
- “ Reclined , a studied carelessness ex-
press'd ;
- “ Loose lay her robe, and naked heaved
her breast.

“Eager I flew to that delightful place,

“And pour’d a shower of kisses on
her face;

“Now hover’d o’er her neck, her breast,
her arms,

“Like bees o’er flowers, and tasted all
her charms;

“And then her lips, and then her cheeks
I tried,

“And fann’d and wanton’d round on
every side.

“—‘O Zephyr,’ cried the fair, ‘thou
charming boy,

“‘Thy presence only can create me joy;

“‘To me thou art beyond expression
dear,

“‘Nor can I quit the place while thou
art here.’—

“Excuse my weakness, madam, when
I swear

“Such gentle words, join’d with so
soft an air,

“Pronounced so sweetly from a mouth
so fair,

“Quite ravish’d all my sense; nor did
I know

“How long I staid, or when or where
to go.

“Meanwhile the damsels, debonnair
and gay,

“Prattled around, and laugh’d the time
away:

“These in soft notes address’d the
ravish’d ear,

“And warbled out so sweet, ’twas heaven
to hear:

“And those in rings, beneath the green-
wood shade,

“Danced to the melody their fellows
made,

“Some, studious of themselves, employ’d
their care

“In weaving flowery wreaths to deck
their hair;

“ While others to some favorite plant
convey’d

“ Refreshing showers, and cheer’d its
drooping head.

“ A joy so general spread through all
the place,

“ Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,

“ The nymphs so kind, so lovely look’d
the queen,

“ That never eye beheld a sweeter
scene.”—

Porsenna like a statue fix’d appear’d,
And, wrapp’d in silent wonder, gazed
and heard ;

Much he admired the speech, the speaker
more,

And dwelt on every word, and grieved
to find it o’er.

—“ Oh gentle youth,” he cried, “ proceed
to tell,

“ In what fair country does this princess
dwell ;

“What regions unexplored, what hidden
coast

“Can so much goodness, so much beauty
boast?”—

To whom the winged god, with
gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he
spoke,

Thus answer'd kind,—“These happy
gardens lie

“Far hence removed, beneath a milder
sky;

“Their name—the Kingdom of Felicity.

“Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted
ground,

“A soil for ever sought, but seldom
found;

“Though in the search all human kind
in vain

“Weary their wits, and waste their
lives in pain.

“In different parties different path they
tread,

“As reason guides them, or as follies lead;

“These wrangling for the place they
ne’er shall see,

“Debating those, if such a place there be;

“But not the wisest, nor the best, can say

“Where lies the point, or mark the
certain way.

“Some few, by Fortune favor’d for
her sport,

“Have sail’d in sight of this delightful
port;

“In thought already seized the bless’d
abodes,

“And in their fond delirium rank’d
with gods.

“Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept

“By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.

“Here fell Detraction darts her pois’nous
breath

“Fraught with a thousand stings, and
scatters death;

“Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains
her post,

“ And shakes her flaming brand , and
stalks around the coast.

“ These on the helpless bark their fury
pour ,

“ Plunge in the waves , or dash against
the shore ;

“ Teach wretched mortals they were
doom'd to mourn ,

“ And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.

“ But say, young Monarch, for what
name you bear

“ Your mien, your dress, your person,
all declare ;

“ And though I seldom fan the frozen
north ,

“ Yet have I heard of brave Porsenna's
worth.

“ My brother Boreas through the world
has flown ,

“ Swelling his breath to spread forth
your renown ;

“ Say, would you choose to visit this
retreat ,

“And view the world where all these
wonders meet?

“Wish you some friend o’er that tem-
pestuous sea

“To bear you safe, behold that friend
in me.

“My active wings shall all their force
employ,

“And nimbly waft you to the realms
of joy;

“As once, to gratify the God of Love,

“I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove;

“Or as Jove’s bird, descending from
on high,

“Snatch’d the young Trojan trembling
to the sky.

“There perfect bliss thou may’st for
ever share,

“’Scaped from the busy world, and
all its care;

“There in the lovely princess thou shalt
find

“A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.”—

All ecstasy on air Porsenna trod,
 And to his bosom strain'd the little God :
 With grateful sentiments his heart o'er-
 flow'd ,
 And in the warmest words millions of
 thanks bestow'd.

When Eolus in surly humor broke
 Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly
 spoke :

—“Enough of compliment ; I hate the
 sport

“Of meaningless words : this is no human
 court ,

“Where plain and honest are discarded
 quite ,

“For the more modish title of polite ;

“Where in soft speeches hypocrites
 impart

“The venom'd ills that lurk beneath
 the heart ;

“In friendship's holy guise their guilt
 improve ,

“ And kindly kill with specious shew
of love.

“ For us,—my subjects are not used
to wait,

“ And waste their hours to hear a mortal
prate;

“ They must abroad before the rising
sun,

“ And hie ’em to the seas: there’s
mischief to be done.

“ Excuse my plainness, Sir, but business
stands,

“ And we have storms and shipwrecks
on our hands.”—

He ended frowning, and the noisy rout
Each to his several cell went puffing out.
But Zephyr, far more courteous than
the rest,

To his own bower convey’d the royal
guest;

There, on a bed of roses neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,

“E’en now with fears and jealousies
o’erborn

“Upbraids, and calls me cruel and
forsworn.

“What sweet rewards on all my toils
attend,

“Serving at once my mistress and my
friend!

“Just to my love and to my duty too,

“Well paid in her, well pleased in
pleasing you.”—

This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
And clasp’d him in his arms, and poised
his weight;

Then, balancing his body here and there
Stretch’d forth his agile wings, and
launch’d in air;

Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart
the sky.

Here with quick fan his lab’ring pinions
play;

There glide at ease along the liquid way:

Now lightly skim the plain with even
flight;

Now proudly soar above the mountain's
height.

Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd
hate

Sports with the sufferings of the good
and great,

Spares not our Prince, but with oppro-
brious sneer

Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;

That he, so tried in arms, whose very
name

Infused a secret panic where it came,
E'en he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spied the mountains less'ning to
the view,

Naught round him but the wide expanded
air,

Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dread-
ful height,

Confess'd some faint alarm, some little
fright.

The friendly God, who instantly
divined

The terrors that possess'd his fellow's
mind,

To calm his troubled thoughts, and
cheat the way,

Described the nations that beneath them
lay,

The name, the climate, and the soil's
increase,

Their arms in war, their government
in peace;

Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign
trade,

What interest they pursued, what leagues
they made.

The sweet discourse so charm'd Por-
senna's ear,

That, lost in joy, he had no time for fear.

—“I must applaud, my lord, the
lucky thought;

“E’en I, who know th’ original, am
caught,

“And doubt my senses, when I view
the draught.

“The slow-ascending hill, the lofty
wood

“That mantles o’er its brow, the
silver flood

“Wand’ring in mazes through the flowr’y
mead,

“The herd that in the plenteous pastures
feed,

“And every object, every scene, excites

“Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills
with new delights:

“Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and
learned Ease,

“And Art with Nature seems at strife
to please,

“There Liberty, delightful goddess,
reigns,

“Gladdens each heart, and gilds the
fertile plains ;

“There, firmly seated, may she ever
smile,

“And shower her blessings o’er her
favorite isle !

“But see, the rising sun reproves our
stay.”—

He said, and to the ocean wing’d his way,
Stretching his course to climates then
unknown,

Nations that swelter in the burning zone.
There, in Peruvian vales, a moment staid,
And smooth’d his wings beneath the
citron shade ;

Then swift his oary pinions plied again,
Cross’d the new world, and sought the
Southern main ;

Where, many a wet and weary league
o’erpast,

The wish’d-for Paradise appear’d at last.

With force abated, now they gently
sweep

O'er the smooth surface of the shining
deep ;
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant
shore ,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons
swam before ,
While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thousand
sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health-consuming
care ,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge, can enter
there :
No vapor'd foggy gloom imbrowns the
sky ;
No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly ;
But dews , and soft refreshing airs are
found ,
And pure ethereal azure shines around.
Whate'er the sweet Sabæan soil can
boast ,

Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy
coast;

What Hybla's hills, or rich Oebalia's
fields,

Or flowery vale of famed Hymettus
yields;

Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard
graced;

All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there with added beauty grew.
High, tow'ring to the Heaven the trees
are seen,

Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever
green;

So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them
done,

But where by fits the sportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
Like a smooth carpet, at their feet lies
spread

The matted grass, by bubbling fountains
fed;

And on each bough the feathered choir
employ

Their melting notes, and naught is
heard but joy.

The painted flowers exhale a rich per-
fume,

The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom,
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand
appear,

Lead on the merry months, and join
to clothe the year.

Here o'er the mountain's shaggy summit
pour'd,

From rock to rock the tumbling torrent
roar'd,

While beauteous Iris in the vale below
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.
Now through the meads the mazy current
stray'd,

Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle
shade;

Or in a thousand veins divides its store,
Visits each plant, refreshes ev'ry flow'r;

O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs
flows ,

And sweetly soothes the soul, and lulls
to soft repose.

If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
The seats are placed, the tables neatly
laid ,

And instantly convey'd by magic hand
In comely rows the costly dishes stand ;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepared in all the nicest forms of art.
A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd
in green ,

With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come
scudding in ;

With fragrant blossoms these adorn the
feast ,

Those with officious zeal attend the guest ;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
Or sprinkle liquid odors o'er his head.

Others in ruby cups with roses bound,
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar
round;

Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay ;
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels
play :

Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread
the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in
each face.

So, when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair ;
For various use employ their chymic
power ;

One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks
the flower ;

Again to different works returning home,
Some * steeve the honey, some erect
the comb ;

All for the general good in concert strive,
And every soul's in motion, every
limb's alive.

* Or stive, stipant.

And now descending from his flight,
the God

On the green turf released his precious
load ;

There, after mutual salutations past,
And endless friendship vow'd, they
part in haste !

Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
The Prince in raptures wand'ring through
the grove ;

Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
Now stopping short to give his transports
vent ;

With sudden gusts of happiness op-
press'd,

Or stands entranced, or raves like one
possess'd ;

His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses
quite

O'ercome with charms, and frantic with
delight ;

From scene to scene by random steps
convey'd,

Admires the distant views, explores
 the secret shade,
 Dwells on each spot, with eager eye
 devours

The woods, the lawns, the buildings,
 and the bowers;

New sweets, new joys at every glance
 arise,

And every turn creates a fresh surprise.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,
 In a green vale a crystal grotto stood;
 And o'er its side, beneath a beechen
 shade,

In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
 Hither, attracted by the murmuring
 stream,

And cool recess, the pleased Porsenna
 came,

And on the tender grass reclining chose
 To wave his joys awhile, and take a
 short repose.

The scene invites him, and the wanton
 breeze

That whispers through the vale, the
dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently
creep,
All join their music to prolong his sleep.

The Princess for her morning walk
prepared;
The female troops attend, a beauteous
guard.

Array'd in all her charms appear'd the
fair ;

Tall was her stature, unconfined her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in
her face

Lay love enshrined, lay sweet attractive
grace

Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes
convey'd,

And like a lambent flame around her
play'd.

No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms
adorn;

For grant that beauty were by gems
increased,

'Tis render'd more suspected at the least;
And foul defects, that would escape
the sight,

Start from the piece, and take a stronger
light.

Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples waved, with pinks and
jess'mine crown'd,

And, gather'd in a silken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the
wind;

O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd
o'er.

Her snowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape,
and tried

To shade those beauties, that it could
not hide.

The damsels of her train with mirth
and song
Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.
The birds proclaim their Queen from
ev'ry tree;
The beasts run frisking through the
groves to see;
The Loves, the Pleasure, and the Graces
meet
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.
But whate'er fancy led, it chanced that
day
They through the secret valley took
their way,
And to the crystal grot advancing spied
The Prince, extended by the fountain's
side.

He look'd as, by some skilful hand
express'd,
Apollo's youthful form retired to rest;
When with the chase fatigued he quits
the wood

For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe' flood;
There sleeps secure, his careless limbs
display'd

At ease, encircled by the laure shade ;
Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,
His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
The slumb'ring Prince might boast an
equal grace,
So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.

Waking, he started from the ground
in haste,
And saw the beauteous choir around
him placel;
Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet
The Queen, and laid him humbly at
her feet.

—“Deign, lovely Princess, to behold,”
said he,

“One, who has traversed all the world
to see

“ Those charms , and worship thy
divinity :

“Accept thy slave, and with a gracious
smile

“Excuse his rashness, and reward his
toil.”—

Stood notionless the fair, with mute
surprise,

And reach him over with admiring eyes;
And while she stedfast gazed, a pleasing
smart

Ran thrilling through her veins, and
reach'd her heart.

Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every
grace,

And sagely judged him of the phoenix
race.

An animal like this she ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be
but one;

The creature too had all the phoenix' air;
None but the phoenix could appear so fair.
The more she look'd, the more she
thought it true,

And call'd him by that name, to shew
she knew,

—“ O handsome Phoenix, for that
 such you are
 “ We know; your beauty does your
 breed declare;
 “ And I with sorrow own through all
 my coast
 “ No other bird can such perfection boast;
 “ For Nature form’d you single and alone,
 “ Alas! what pity ’tis there is but one!
 “ Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
 “ An aviary of charming birds like you,
 “ What envy would her happiness create
 “ In all, who saw the glories of her
 state!”—

The Prince laugh’d inwardly, surprised
 to find
 So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
 The compliment indeed did some offence
 To reason, and a little wrong’d her sense;
 He could not let it pass, but told his name,
 And what he was, and whence, and
 why he came;

And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn ;
And she 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous
reach

To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace
walk,
Pleased and instructed with each other's
talk.

Here should I tell the furniture's
expence,

And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining sapphire
made.

With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heaven, and flame with gems
and gold;

Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the music, and
the feast;

And on each part bestow the praises due,

'Twould tire the writer, and the reader
too.

My amorous tale a softer path pursues :
Love and the happy pair demand my
Muse.

O could her art in equal terms express
The lives they lead, the pleasures they
possess !

Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish
more.

'Tis heaven itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,
Uninterrupted joy, untired excess ;
Mirth following mirth the moments dance
away ;

Love claims the night, and friendship
rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indifference
knows ;

No jealousies disturb their sweet repose ;
No sickness, no decay ; but youthful
grace ,

And constant beauty shines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms in-
vade,

Flowers of a day, that do but bloom
and fade;

Far different here—on them it only blows
The lily's white, and spreads the blushing
rose ;

No conquest o'er those radiant eyes
can boast;

'They, like the stars, shine brighter
in its frost ;

Nor fear its rigor, nor its rule obey;
All seasons are the same, and every
month is May.

Alas ! how vain is happiness below !
Man, soon or late, must have his share
of woe ;

Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the
wind ;

His griefs wound home, and leave a
sting behind.

His lot distinguish'd from the brute
appears

Less certain by his laughter than his tears ;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reasoning soul
proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could
be,
The boon, young Prince, had been be-
stow'd on thee.
Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune
flourish'd fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach
of care,
And so might still have been, but anxious
thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must
taste the draught.

It so befel : as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours
were flown,

Since on her slave her heaven of beauty
shone.

—“Should I consult my heart,” cried
he, “the rate

“Were small, a week would be the
utmost date:

“But when my mind reflects on actions
past,

“And counts its joys, time must have
fled more fast;

“Perhaps I might have said, three months
are gone.”—

—“Three months!” replied the fair,
“three months alone!

“Know that three hundred years have
roll’d away,

“Since at my feet the lovely Phoenix
lay.”—

—“Three hundred years!” re-echo’d
back the Prince,

“A whole three hundred years com-
pleted since

“I landed here! O! whither then are
flown

“ My dearest friends, my subjects, and
my throne ?

“ How strange, alas ! how alter'd shall
I find

“ Each earthly thing, each scene I left
behind !

“ Who knows me now ? on whom shall
I depend

“ To gain my rights ? where shall I
find a friend ?

“ My crown, perhaps, may grace a
foreign line,

“ A race of kings, that know not me
nor mine ;

“ Who reigns may wish my death, his
subjects treat

“ My claim with scorn, and call their
Prince a cheat.

“ Oh had my life been ended as begun !

“ My destined stage, my race of glory run,

“ I should have died well pleased ; my
honor'd name

“ Had lived, had flourish'd in the list
of fame ;

“Reflecting now, my mind with horror
sees

“The sad survey, a scene of shameful
ease,

“The odious blot, the scandal of my race,

“Scarce known, and only mention’d
with disgrace.”—

The Fair beheld him with impatient
eye,

And red with anger made this warm reply.

—“Ungrateful man! is this the kind
return

“My love deserves? and can you thus
with scorn

“Reject what once you prized, what
once you swore

“Surpass’d all charms, and made e’en
glory poor?

“What gifts have I bestow’d, what
favors shewn!

“Made you partaker of my bed and
throne;

“ Three centuries preserved in youthful
prime ,

“ Safe from the rage of death , and
injuries of time.

“ Weak arguments ! for glory reign above

“ The feeble ties of gratitude and love.

“ I urge them not , nor would request
your stay ;

“ The phantom glory calls , and I obey ;

“ All other virtues are regardless quite ,

“ Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.

“ Go then , barbarian , to thy realms return ,

“ And shew thyself unworthy my concern ;

“ Go tell the world , your tender heart
could give

“ Death to the Princess , by whose care
you live.”—

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'er-
spread ,

Cold trembling seized her limbs , her
spirits fled ;

She sunk into his arms : the Prince was
moved ,

Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly loved.
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget
his throne ,

Confine his thoughts , and live for her
alone ;

But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart ;
He could not hide its wounds, but pined
away

Like a sick flower , and languish'd in
decay.

An age no longer like a month appears,
But every month becomes a hundred
years.

Felicity was grieved, and could not bear
A scene so changed, a sight of so much
care.

She told him with a look of cold disdain,
And seeming ease , as women well can
feign ,

He might depart at will; a milder air
 Would mend his health; he was no
 prisoner there;

She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er
 might find

Cause to regret the place he left behind;
 Which once he loved, and where he
 still must own

He had at least some little pleasure
 known.

If these prophetic words awhile destroy
 His peace, the former balance it in joy.
 He thank'd her for her kind concern,
 but chose

To quit the place, the rest let heaven
 dispose.

For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts
 the will,

And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not, as she wont to rise,
 In gay attire tinged with a thousand dyes,

But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
 Glad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
 Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot
 spread,
 A faded wreath hangs drooping from
 her head.
 The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
 Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling
 into day.
 Some black event the treat'ning skies
 foretel;
 Porsenna rose to take his last farewell.
 A curious vest the mournful Princess
 brought,
 And armour by the Lemnian artist
 wrought;
 A shining lance with secret virtue stored,
 And of resistless force a magic sword;
 Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
 And loaded him with gifts and good
 advice;
 But chief she gave, and what he most
 would need,

The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.

—“The swift Grisippo,” said th’ afflicted
fair,

(Such was the courser’s name) “with
speed shall bear,

“And place you safely in your native air;

“Assist against the foe, with matchless
might

“Ravage the field, and turn the doubt-
ful fight;

“With care protect you till the danger
cease,

“Your trust in war, your ornament in
peace.

“But this, I warn, beware; whate’er
shall lay

“To intercept your course, or tempt
your stay,

“Quit not your saddle, nor your speed
abate,

“’Till safely landed at your palace gate.

“On this alone depends your weal or
woe;

“Such is the will of Fate, and so the
 Gods foresaw.”—

He in the softest terms repaid her love,
 And vow'd, nor age, nor absence, should
 remove

His constant faith, and sure she could
 not blame

A short divorce due to his injured fame.
 The debt discharged, then should her
 soldier come

Gay from the field, and flush'd with
 conquest, home;

With equal ardor her affection meet,
 And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
 He ceased, and sighing took a kind adieu;
 Then urged his steed; the fierce Grisippo
 flew;

With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging
 wind,
 And left the blissful shores, and weeping
 fair behind;

Now o'er the seas pursued his airy flight,
 Now scower'd the plains, and climb'd
 the mountain's height,

Thus driving on at speed the Prince
had run
Near half his course, when, with the
setting sun,
As through a lonely lane he chanced
to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenced on either
side,
He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow
way.

The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' in-
cumbent load.

Never in human shape was seen before
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self, if placed by him,
were young.

His limbs were naked all, and worn
so thin,
The bones seem'd starting through the
parchment skin,

His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his
accents weak,
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was
his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in
deadly fright,
And back recoiling stretch'd his wings
for flight.

When thus the wretch with supplicating
tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan,
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling
down.

—“O gentle youth, if pity e’er inclin’d
“Thy soul to generous deeds, if e’er
thy mind

“ Was touch'd with soft distress, extend
thy care

“To save an old man’s life, and ease
the load I bear.

“ So may propitious heaven your journey
speed ,

“Prolong your days, and all your vows
succeed.”—

Moved with the prayer the kind Por-
senna staid,
Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid,
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his
relief;
Removed the weight, and gave the pri-
soner breath,
Just chok'd, and gasping on the verge
of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly
with a bound
The grizly Spectre, vaulting from the
ground,
Seized him with sudden gripe, th' asto-
nish'd Prince
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of
defence.

—“O King of Russia,” with a thun-
dering sound

Bellow'd the ghastly Fiend, "at length
thou'rt found.

"Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,

"My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.

"These feet are founder'd, and the
wings you see

"Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee ;

"Through all the world in vain for
ages sought,

"But Fate has doom'd thee now, and
thou art caught."—

Then round his neck his arms he nimbly
cast,

And seized him by the throat, and
grasp'd him fast ;

'Till forced at length the soul forsook
its seat,

And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding
at his feet.

Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his
prey,

When, so it chanced, young Zephyr
pass'd that way ;

Too late his presence to assist his friend,
A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and strives in
vain to cure

His streaming wounds; the work was
done too sure,

Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
The lifeless load, and bathes it in his
tears ;

Then to the blissful seats with speed
conveys,

And graceful on the mossy carpet lays
With decent care, close by the fountain's
side,

Where first the Princess had her Phoenix
spied.

There with sweet flowers his lovely
limbs he strew'd,

And gave a parting kiss, and sighs
and tears bestow'd.

To that sad solitude the weeping Dame,
Wild with her loss, and swoln with
sorrow, came.

There was she wont to vent her griefs,
and mourn

Those dear delights that must no more
return.

Thither that morn with more than usual
care

She sped, but oh what joy to find him
there!

As just arrived, and weary with the way,
Retired to soft repose her Hero lay.

Now near approaching she began to creep
With careful steps, loth to disturb his
sleep;

'Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she
flew,

And round his neck her arms in transport
threw.

But, when she found him dead, no
tongue can tell

The pangs she felt; she shriek'd and
swooning fell.

Waking, with loud laments she pierced
the skies,

And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her
cries,

That fatal hour the palace gates she
barr'd,

And fix'd around the coast a stronger
guard :

Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
With crowds of black misfortunes placed
between ;

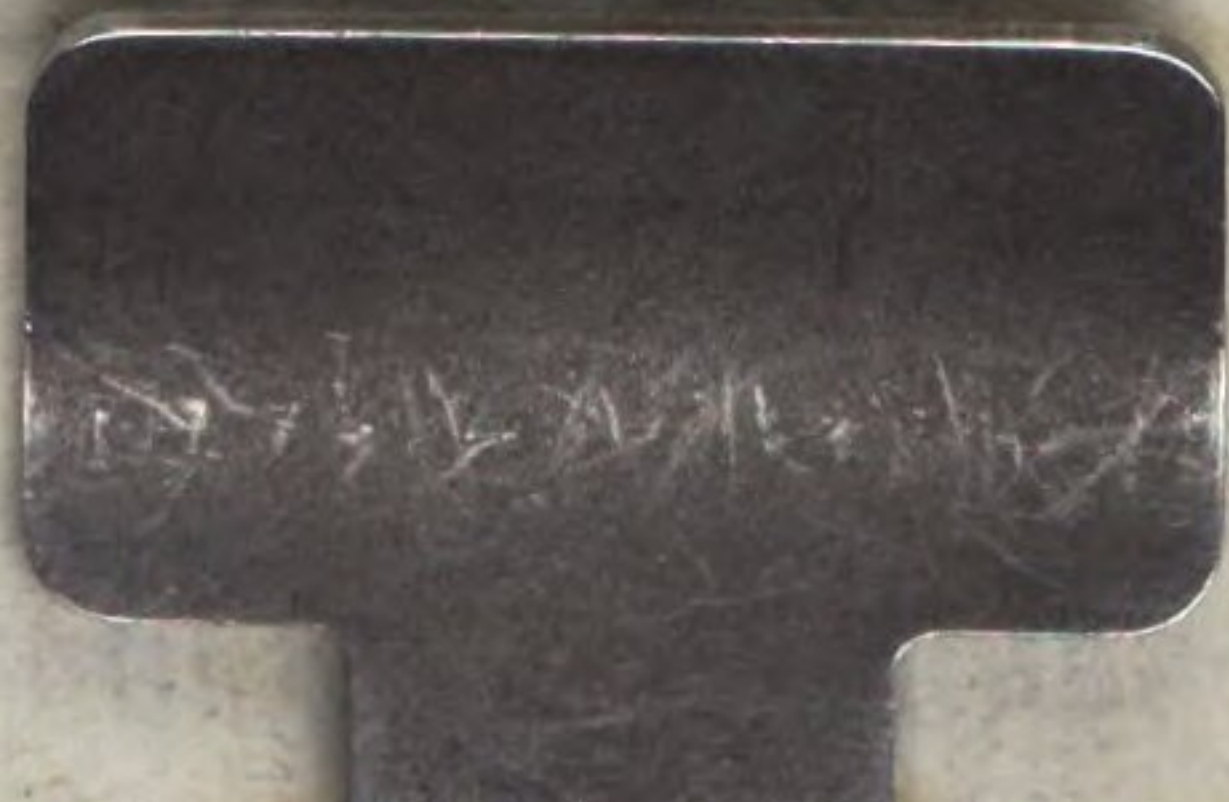
Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealousies, and dark des-
pair.

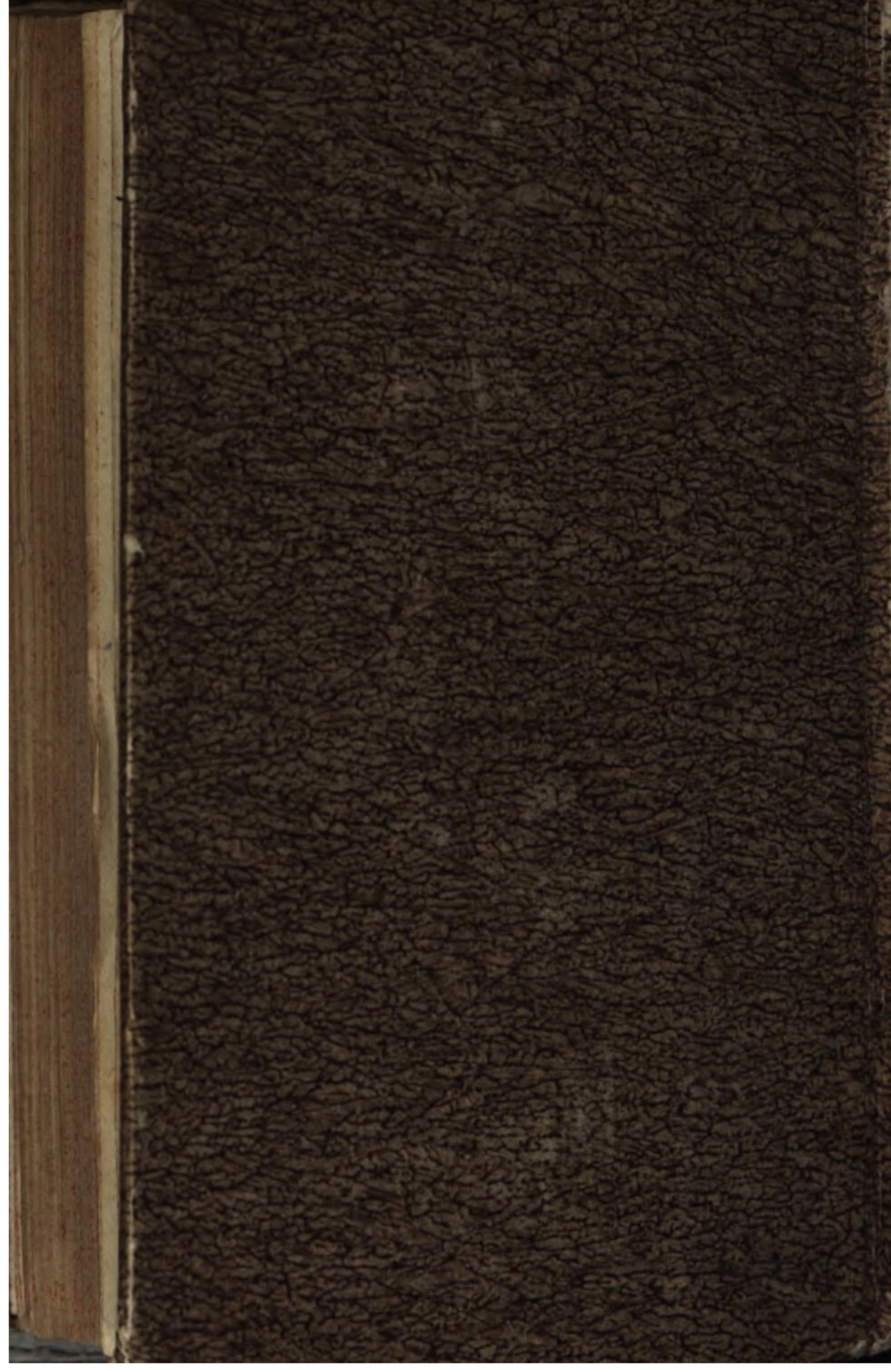
And since that day (the wretched world
must own

These mournful truths by sad experience
known)

No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth submits to
Time.

End of the second Volume.











Lewis, Matthew G., 1775-1818

Tales of wonder in three volumes

Bd.: 2

Vienna (1805)

P.o.angl. 208-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747393-2